

# *Leatherneck*

APR.

25c



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... Drink Budweiser for five days. On the sixth day, drink another brand of beer. You'll want the distinctive taste of Budweiser thereafter.

- 1 Your bottle of Budweiser Lager Beer is brewed and aged by the costliest process known.
- 2 We spend a million a year extra to add Europe's choicest hops to America's finest blossoms... for flavor and bouquet.
- 3 We are the biggest buyers of highest-priced brewer's rice. It helps to give Budweiser its stability, brilliance, sparkle and creamy, snowy foam.
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- 5 We lager every drop of Budweiser... ferment it *not* once, but *twice*... age it much, much longer than average... enrich it with *natural* carbonation.
- 6 Do you know of any other beer whose label tells you just what you are getting? Our label is your warranty against short cuts or substitutes.

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# YOU CAN SHAVE WITH YOUR EYES SHUT!

You pick up this razor . . . you position it . . . you shave clean and fast with it . . . without looking or even thinking about it! That's because your EVERSHARP-SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR and BLADES are such a perfectly-engineered unit of shaving MAGIC. So light in weight . . . so right in size, shape, flexibility . . . so exactly correct in tolerance between skin-guard and scalpel-sharp blades!

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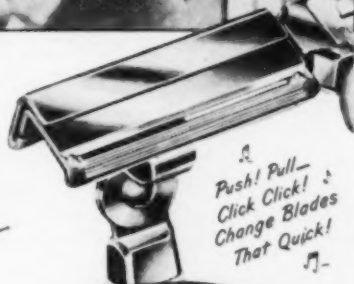
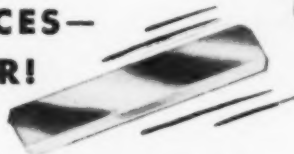
## **YOUR 4 BIGGEST SHAVING NUISANCES— BANISHED FOREVER!**

**1. FINGERS NEVER TOUCH THE BLADE!**  
So you can't cut fingers. Push-pull, click-click! Blade locks in correct position!

**3. LESS IRRITATION!** Exclusive guard bar insures smoother, cleaner shaves—even under nose and around lips.

**2. NOTHING TO TAKE APART!** And nothing to put together! No awkward twisting or turning. To clean—simply rinse, shake, put away.

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Genuine,  
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Deluxe, Gold-plated RAZOR  
WITH 20 NEW IMPROVED BLADES **\$125**

# **EVERSHARP-SCHICK**

**INJECTOR RAZOR AND BLADES**

# BULLETIN BOARD

## Navy and Marine Reserves Drop Their "R's"

THE "R" may now be dropped from the traditional USNR and USMCR by Navy and Marine Corps Reserves on active duty. The move, according to a directive from the Secretary of the Navy, "makes suitable recognition" of the active duty status of Navy and Marine Corps Reserves by requiring a "minimum of differentiation" between Regular and Reserve personnel.

Only exceptions to the new policy will include Navy and Marine Corps personnel on training duty and in matters such as personnel records, pay records and clothing accounts. The "R" will be retained to clarify the legal status of Reserves.



## Medal for Korean Service

A KOREAN Service Medal has been authorized for members of the Armed Forces who served in Korea, or in adjacent waters, between June 27, 1950, and a terminal date to be announced later. To qualify for the medal, service must have been performed while on permanent duty or while on temporary duty for 30 consecutive days or 60 non-consecutive days. The new medal will be worn following the China Service Medal awarded for service after September 2, 1945. The ribbon is available commercially; the medal will be issued after the current emergency.



## Indiana Bonus Extension

THE Indiana General Assembly has extended the final filing date for the Indiana World War II Veterans' Bonus until April 30, 1951.

Indiana residents may obtain appli-

cations by contacting their local County Service Officer, American Legion, Veterans of Foreign Wars, Disabled American Veterans, or the Red Cross. Out-of-state residents who qualify for the bonus may obtain forms by writing to:

Bonus Division  
Indiana Dept. of Veterans Affairs  
431 North Meridian Street  
Indianapolis 4, Indiana

or by contacting the field office of the Department of Veterans Affairs in the state in which they now reside.

All applications must be received in Indiana Department of Veterans Affairs offices on or before midnight April 30, 1951, or they will be rejected.



## Naval Institute Essay Contest

A NAVAL Institute Enlisted Prize Essay contest is open to any enlisted man of the Navy, Marine Corps, or Coast Guard on active duty. A prize of not less than \$300 and of not more than \$700, a gold medal, and a life membership in the Institute will be awarded for the best essay submitted on any subject pertaining to the Naval profession, should the Board of Control consider the essay to be of sufficient merit. Essays should not exceed 8,000 words and must be received by the Secretary-Treasurer, U.S. Naval Institute, Annapolis, Md., on or before August 1, 1951.



## Officer Candidate Course Announced by Corps

THE first Officer Candidate Course for the Marine Corps since World War II was announced recently by Headquarters. College graduates with no military experience are eligible.

Qualified graduates, or seniors in ac-

credited colleges who will receive a baccalaureate degree this spring, other than in medicine, dentistry, or theology, and who will be less than 27 years old on July 1, 1951, may write for information to the Commandant of the Marine Corps, Headquarters U.S. Marine Corps, Washington 25, D. C.

Accepted candidates will be enlisted in the Marine Corps Reserve and sent to an intensive 10-week training course at Parris Island, S. C., this spring and summer. Graduates will be commissioned second lieutenants in the Marine Corps Reserve and sent to the Marine Corps Schools, Quantico, Virginia, for a comprehensive five months basic officer's course.

Candidates who fail to qualify for a commission will be given the option of discharge from the Marine Corps Reserve or assignment to active duty status.

A limited number of the graduates of this Officer Candidate Course may be offered commissions as career Marines.



## Eligibility of Veterans' Widows for GI Loan

THE date a serviceman dies has no bearing on the eligibility of his widow for a GI loan under the Housing Act of 1950, the Veterans Administration ruled recently.

The Act entitled widows who did not re-marry after the death of their husbands either in or after service, from service-connected causes, to the GI loan benefits for which their husbands would have been eligible had they lived.

The ruling means that a widow of a serviceman who has had the required World War II service and who is killed in Korea may be entitled to a GI loan. Also, a widow would be entitled if her husband died from service-connected causes before the end of the GI loan program on July 25, 1957.

END



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**The World's Best Tobacco**

SEE "THE ORIGINAL AMATEUR HOUR"  
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HEAR IT ON ABC THURSDAYS.

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THE LEATHERNECK, APRIL, 1951

VOLUME XXXIV, NUMBER 4

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## SOUND OFF

Edited by  
SSgt. Elmer III

**L**EATHERNECK has received numerous replies to J. T. Moffet's letter. Lack of space prohibits printing all of the letters. We have another Blackmer case on our hands. Below are some of the answers, pro and con, to Mr. Moffet's "Sound Off" contribution.—Ed.

### A "CRYING WIFE" ANSWERS

Dear Sir:

I'm sending you a letter written by one of the "crying wives" of the article Mr. Moffet so graciously sent you. I can't speak in defense of the Reserves. I haven't the right—but as a "crying wife" I have plenty to say.

My guy was a member of the local Reserve unit, Battery G, 1st 105-mm. Howitzer Battalion. He is now in Korea, at first with I Btry, 3d Bn, 11th Marines, now with G Btry, 3d Bn, 11th Marines.

... For Mr. Moffet's benefit I would appreciate your personal confirmation of the date the enclosed letter was written, and the condition from handling and reading. (Editor's note—Mrs. Butler's letter is reprinted in these columns.) If he, or anyone, doubts this letter was written, received and read, not only by my husband but by the men of his battery they may write the battery that my husband is a member of ...

Sincerely

Mrs. Jean M. Butler

Petersburg, Va.

### THIS MONTH'S COVER . . .

**T**HE blues, reds, and golds of Marines on dress parade are a rare sight in these days of war and more serious business, but the spirit of polish, precision, and military character is still kept alive throughout the corps. Kodachrome by Lou Lowery.

My very dearest:

"Tonight I know for the first time exactly what it means to be the wife of a Marine. I'm overwhelmed with a mixture of emotions—heartache—dismay of a possible full-scale war—love for you—humility and gratitude to the men who are fighting so desperately against overwhelming odds—but most of all, I feel such pride in the Corps. It's not the pride I feel when I see a Marine walking tall and proud—or see Marines marching or in drill, it's the same pride I have in my country—my people.

"I can't feel in words for you to read. The men of the Corps in Korea are upholding all the traditional ideals and bravery of the Corps in its long history. I was afraid for awhile this evening when I first heard MacArthur had ordered a full retreat south, leaving the Marines and the 10th Army Corps surrounded at the reservoirs. I was on the verge of complete hopelessness but I should have known a Marine never quits until his last breath. In a few hours you had linked with the First Regiment—now some elements are at Hagaru. I have hope—the Marines will not only escape that surrounding horde of Chinese—they will leave many enemies dead. The ones alive will know they have not been fighting ordinary men.

"A Marine is trained to be a fighter better than average but a Marine who is fighting a battle that is nearly hopeless to everyone else is at his fighting best. I don't know what that something extra is, or exactly where or from whom it comes, but I have an idea. Sometimes I get a crazy idea all of the Marines of the past come back when the need is greatest so all the tradition of the Corps—the very meaning of the word Marine—will be felt by the world. It is being felt today—tonight. It will be felt tomorrow and the next day. After awhile the world may forget or put it in the back of its mind, but I will never forget, and I will always thank God some men are Marines—U. S. Marines.

"I don't know exactly how to say this—but you will know what I mean. If you had to be in Korea—I'm glad you are there as a Marine. I know you look and talk like the men but you are a Marine—in your heart, in your mind and in the way you feel when you are in forest greens. I think even in civilian clothes you are still a Marine. I know you love me, our children and our home and life together and you'd rather be living that life now, instead of being where you are—that's part of being a Marine though, isn't it?

"It has often been said by people who don't know, that a Marine loves a fight for the sake of fighting. I have yet to meet a Marine who didn't have a better reason than that

TURN PAGE



"OKAY, SO YOU'RE A KNIGHT IN SHINING ARMOR  
—BUT HE USES MENNEN BRUSHLESS"

**Keeps You  
Presentable Longer!**

Gives Cleaner Shaves with

**No Burning!  
No Stinging!**



MORE DOCTORS  
Who Specialize in Skin Care  
**USE MENNEN  
BRUSHLESS**  
Than All Other  
Brands Combined

**New-Formula Hair Conditioner  
KEEPS HAIR NEATLY IN PLACE!**

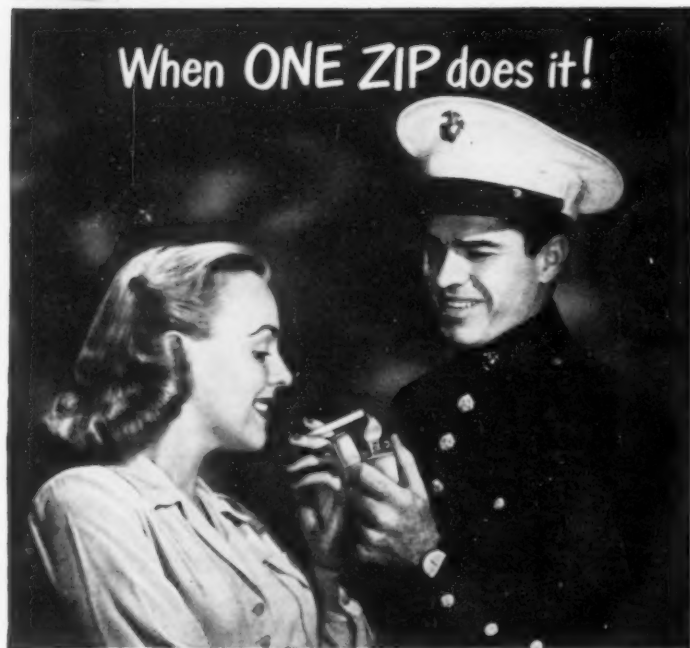
Gives Natural Good Looks

- Not Greasy . . . Not Sticky! • Fortified with LANOLIN,  
That's So Like the Natural Oils of Your Scalp! •
- No Alcohol to Dry Hair! • So Economical, Too!
- Be Sure You Get Mennen Cream Hair Oil.

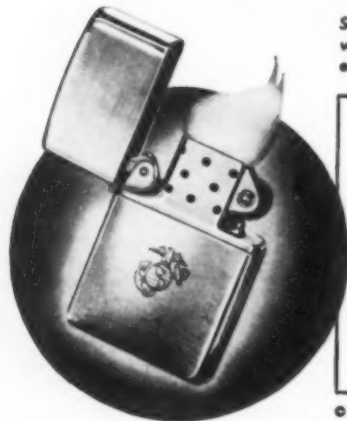




Why \*ZIP ZIP ZIP



Light up with pleasure with Zippo . . . the lighter that always lights with a zip—even in wind or rain! And Zippo has never cost anyone a cent for repairs . . . it's made so mechanically perfect it offers free service.



See Zippo at your Post Exchange with your service insignia... and engraved name or initials.

**ZIPPO**  
the one-zip  
windproof lighter

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#### SOUND OFF (cont.)

to fight, it's just that a Marine loves his home and country—and his outfit—more than others. Therefore, they fight better to protect it.

"I suppose this letter seems a little odd to you, darling. I've never sounded off like this about the Corps before. I've never before told you how I felt about you as a Marine either—it's always been how I felt about you as first my husband, then as the father of the children I had. This letter is really a salute from the bottom of my heart to you as a Marine—and to all Marines. You're wonderful guys. That's a very inane word to describe you I know, but I don't want to cry. A Marine's wife can only try her best to live up to her husband—crying isn't done, is it? Her heart can be broken—her fears boundless but the world mustn't see her heart or fears. It expects a Marine's wife to be as brave in a woman's way as her guy is. If she isn't she let's the Corps and her guy down. I promise you I'll try my dead level best not to let you down in any way.

"You have forty miles to go before you can be airlifted out of danger—immediate danger—darling. I wish I could be by your side every inch of the way and see you out of it with my eyes. My heart will be with you—my prayers will go before you—good hunting, my heart. God ride with you. All my love—now and always.  
Jean"



#### A CORPORAL'S REPLY

Dear Editor:

. . . As I have stated, I am a Reserve and have been, off and on, since December, 1942. I was discharged from active duty in January, 1946, and enlisted in the inactive Reserve in July, 1947. I was called to active duty last September 27th, so I feel fully able to extend my views on Mr. Moffet's letter.

During such a critical time, when our country faces a crisis unparalleled in her history, I honestly feel that such an effort on the part of Mr. Moffet to inject a "dig" at the present status of members of the Reserve is decidedly ill-timed. It appears to me that Mr. Moffet and the article he enclosed tries to extend to the Reserves on active duty the old "ha ha" and the well known, "I told you so." To my way of thinking such an injecture is petty and unbecoming to a former member of the Marine Corps.

(Continued on page 8)





Leatherneck receives many letters requesting information concerning members of the Marine Corps, and other branches of the service. Condensations of such letters are published in this column as a service to our readers.

Mrs. Luther P. Wells, 2543 Robb St., Baltimore, Md., would like to hear from anyone who served with her son, SSgt. Niles Wells, reported killed in Korea.

\* \* \*

Former Corp. William Boyle, 111 Ridge Ave., Bloomfield, N. J., wants to hear from friends of Corp. James L. Davis, reported killed in Korea, Dec. 1, 1950. Corp. Davis served with "G" Co., 3rd Bn., 7th Marines, 1st Mar. Div.

\* \* \*

L. W. Whiteside, 410 North East St., Edna, Tex., would like to hear from or about, 1stLt. W. E. Daniel, formerly of Cherry Point, N. C.

\* \* \*

Former Pfc Elsworth Richard Rand, 1105 Drake Ave., Roselle, N. J., would like to hear from any of his buddies with whom he served overseas. Rand served with "B" Co., 1st Bn., 25th Marines, 4th Mar. Div. Would especially like to contact Capt. E. L. Ashbill and Dr. Butler.

\* \* \*

Miss Celeste Bolges, 119 N. Parkside, Chicago, Ill., wishes to hear from Robert Wertz.

\* \* \*

Corp. Frank B. Robertson, Ammo Co., 2nd Ord. Bn., 2nd Mar. Div., Camp Lejeune, N. C., would like to hear from Corp. James J. Duke and Pfc Armond R. Rivard.

\* \* \*

Joseph Hruza, Ericson, Neb., wishes to hear from anyone who served on Bridge 71, North China, during July and August, 1946.



## Ease That Tension...

### chew fresh-flavored WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM

Until your order is called, chewing a little stick of Wrigley's Spearmint will go a long way to make time pass more quickly... hold back those "ready-line jitters." Its lively flavor satisfies your sudden yen for "something

good," and the pleasant chewing freshens your taste, moistens mouth and throat—even gives you a bit of a lift! Enjoy some Wrigley's Spearmint Gum today. Pick up a pack next trip to the PX.

KEEP A  
PACK  
IN YOUR  
POCKET



AE97

Pfc Robert Gallegos, H&S Co., 1st Shore Party Bn., 1st Mar. Div., FMF, c/o FPO, San Francisco, Calif., wishes to hear from Pfc Lauro Couz.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Adele Carney, 381 E. 141st St., N. Y. 54, N. Y., would like to contact anyone who knew her son, Corp. Richie T. Carney, reported killed on Saipan, June, 1944. The late Corp. Carney served with "A" Co., 1st Bn., 29th Marines Y Amph. Corps.

\* \* \*

Mrs. John A. Capitzky, 2821 3rd Ave., Sacramento 18, Calif., would like to hear from anyone who served with her late son, Pfc Arnold L. Capitzky, reported killed in N. Korea, Dec. 7, 1950. Pfc Capitzky served with Supply Co., 1st Ser Bn., 1st Mar. Div.

Monroe Holland, Forest City, N. C., would like to hear from William (Bill) Buggs.

### You Asked For It...

... and we like to keep our readers happy; on May first your exchange will be selling "The Leatherneck Gyrene Gygles and Cartoon Book." This big 96-page selection of THE BEST cartoons and poems printed in former issues of *Leatherneck*, is the answer to your many letters requesting publication of this permanent collection. It will also be available, by mail, through the Leatherneck Book Shop, Box 1918, Washington 13, D. C.



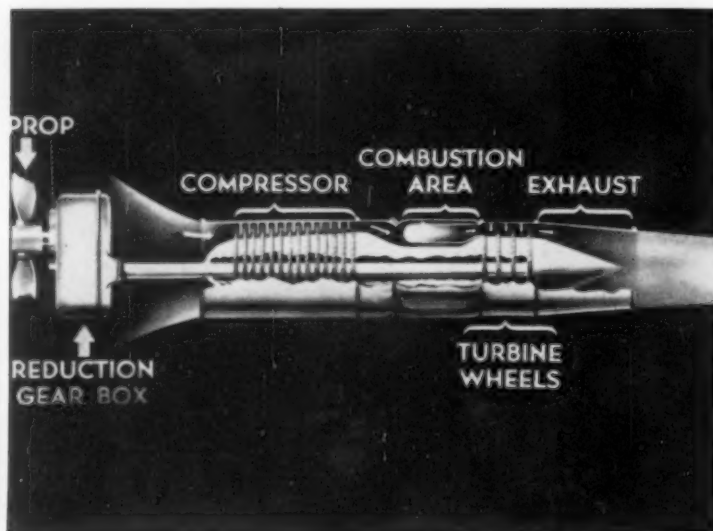
# Sky lines

Edited by MSgt. Fred G. Baitsch, Jr.



## SOUND OFF

[continued from page 6]



**How the Turbo-prop Engine Operates**—The Turbo-prop engine is a gas turbine engine like the Turbo-Jet. But in the Turbo-prop, the turbine is connected by a drive shaft and reduction gears to a special type Aero-propeller. Air enters the compressor, which feeds it under high pressure into a combustion chamber. Here the air is mixed with fuel and ignited. The thrust of this hot gas drives the turbine which generates the power to operate both compressor and propeller. The small amount of energy remaining in the exhaust gas is used as jet thrust.

America's first turbo-prop transport, the Convair-Turboliner, made its initial flight recently at San Diego. The Turboliner, powered by two 2750-hp Allison 501 turbo-prop engines, is a research transport ordered by the Allison Division of General Motors Corp. to test their gas turbine engines, developed under sponsorship of the Navy Bureau of Aeronautics. Officials who witnessed the flight, predicted that a great many high-speed transports powered by turboprop engines will be flying airline routes in a few years. The plane has a gross weight of 41,790 pounds and carries 1550 gallons of fuel.

"We expect that operating costs of turboprop engines will eventually be less than those of piston engines," explained E. B. Newill, vice president of the General Motors Corporation. "When this is accomplished in a few years, military transport services and airlines will be able to offer marked increases in cruising speeds, and more

comfortable flying conditions for passengers."

Veteran Marine Air Reserve flyer, Colonel Benjamin Reisweber, retired recently after completing more than 23 years of active duty with Marine Aviation. Until his retirement, Colonel Reisweber was the Chief of Staff of the Marine Air Reserve Training Command at Glenview, Ill.

"Anything! Anywhere! Anytime!" would be a fine motto for Cherry Point based Marine Transport Squadrons-252 and 153. A crash-landed airplane from Nassau in the Bahamas to Overhaul and Repair at Norfolk, Va., or 2000-gallon refueler trucks from Norfolk to Trinidad, and then back by way of Mexico City are a few of the jobs that the two cargo-hauling squadrons are called upon to perform. All they ask is that it will fit into their aircraft.

Mr. Moffet undoubtedly did more than his share in the past war, but so did many thousands, some of whom are now back serving their country for reasons, which I am sure, aren't the selfish ones that Mr. Moffet's letter implies. It is true that we Reserves, organized and inactive, benefited from our continued association with the Marine Corps, but in my case I feel a decided obligation toward the men who died in World War II. I happened to be at the dedication of the Fifth Marine Division's cemetery on Iwo Jima and vowed then, as sober men elsewhere have vowed, that they shall not have died in vain.

Mr. Moffet stated that "once is enough," with regard to his service with the Marine Corps. Am I correct in assuming that he believes that his country should only call once and no more? If such were the case our country would surely be in a sorry state; and I am sure that our way of life would long since have departed into history. . . . May I point out that it was, for the most part, the civilians of this country who fought in World War II and not the professional soldier.

It is not my intention to berate Mr. Moffet. . . . It is the ex-Marine who wrote the article Mr. Moffet enclosed, that I severely criticize for having lowered his standing as an ex-Marine and a good American by writing such statements at a time when the very survival of our way of life hangs in the balance. If every ex-serviceman felt as this man does, it wouldn't be long before the writing of such an article would prove fatal to the author.

Sincerely yours,  
Lester C. Guilbert,  
Corp., USMCR

Cherry Point, N.C.

● Some good questions here for Mr. Moffet and "ex-Marine" to answer.

—Ed.

## CON

Dear Editor:

Finally I have decided to write to "Leatherneck" after debating for quite some time on the issue. What eventually made me "snap to" from my lethargy was the clipping from your February issue enclosed by Mr. J. T. Moffet about the Reserves called to active duty. I was in the Marine Corps from December, 1942, to July, 1946, during the last war. I entered the Organized Reserve in March, 1948, as a

(Continued on page 10)

# THE OLD GUNNY SAYS...



**T**HE way things are shapin' up these days it looks like a lot of this Marine Corps is going to be doing duty overseas. Now most Americans don't go for this being away from home too long unless they are winning fights and they can see an end in sight—and a good chance for some Stateside duty. It seems to me that the reason why a lot of us can count on foreign duty is that we've finally realized we can't fight the Reds with dollars and radio programs alone. The "big wheels" have decided us guys in uniform can sell democracy in a more understandable way. So you and me will go spend some months as Govt. Issue tourists.

"Now that brings me to the point. During the last war most foreign countries weren't too well impressed by the American 'tourists in uniform'—except for the way they threw their dough around and the amount of vehicles they had.

"If we are going to sell our way of life to all these foreigners we visit, and if we want them on our side—each Yank overseas has got to mind his manners. Each one of you guys has always got to remember that everything you do in a foreign port reflects on America.

"I don't mind when some character tells me how great Texas is, but when the same joker starts braggin' to a foreigner it doesn't go over so big. Every country in the world has traditions and places that they are proud of and they ain't likely to be impressed by the number of bowling alleys in Podunk, Iowa—unless they can see them.

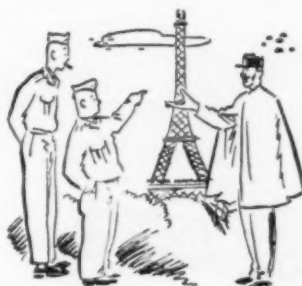
"Then there is the matter of women. You can really get fouled up if you don't treat foreign women properly. Just remember to treat those gals as you would want other guys passing thru your home town to treat your mother and sister.

"Also don't go around criticizing the plumbing, the clothes, or the transportation in another country. A lot of good rugged people are found in places that don't have running water, zoot suits, or convertibles. If you try and appreciate the good side of another country and its people you may even learn something.

"There's nothing worse than a sloppy Marine overloaded with brew or vino on liberty in a foreign port. It's bad enough Stateside but overseas it's not only a disgrace to the Corps but a poor reflection on the U. S. It's the duty of every man-jack in this outfit to see that his buddies don't get 'bent out of shape' when they're ashore.

"I will personally lower the biggest boom ever been lowered upon any character in this outfit who I catch actin' up like a drugstore cowboy in any foreign port. Just remember there are other people besides Marines, try an' understand them and make them respect you."

END



**NOW—**  
**Brighter Shines**  
**WITH**  
**1/2 THE RUBBING**



*Because it Recolors and  
Polishes at the Same Time*

- Gives those grand "Parade Shines" that last and last.
- Helps keep shoes softer and more comfortable.
- The servicemen's top favorite!



**FOR BIG MEN ONLY!**



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**SHIRT & TROUSERS SETS**

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**Quick Flick...Fine Shine!**



**ESQUIRE BOOT POLISH**

**OUTSTANDING DIAMOND VALUES**

Post imports its own fine diamonds. COMPARE OUR PRICES! COMPARE OUR QUALITY! CONVINCE YOURSELF! A 30-day money-back guarantee is your assurance of values that can't be beat. Easy credit if you should so desire of no extra charge. FREE gift mailing service too!

**"The Brooklyn House of Diamonds"**



**BOTH RINGS \$35**

NE112—10K Yellow Gold. Squarely set engraved. White Gold top. Engagement Ring set with genuine Diamond. \$35 cash, or \$12 down, \$5 monthly.



**BOTH RINGS \$42.50**

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**SOUND OFF**

[continued from page 8]

corporal, made buck sergeant, and then received a commission in the Reserve in December, 1948. I mention this only to reiterate that I have a fairly well-rounded background as far as the Marine Corps is concerned.

You see, I joined the Organized Reserve to learn the different facets of an Aviation Squadron, and to earn an MOS in case future hostilities broke out. After two years of summer training and perfect attendance in drills, I did achieve this goal of goals (with good fitness reports, I may add). I was called to active duty August 1, after maneuvers at Cherry Point and went overseas with the 1st Marine Air Wing on August 15 as an AGO. "So far, so good," thought I, "the Reserve really trained me and used me, perhaps the old order changeth, and the Marine Corps is no longer "SNAFU." Hah, I was yanked back unceremoniously from overseas to attend the 2d Special Basic Course at Quantico. (Believe it or not, I preferred to stay with my outfit rather than take the short view and come back for a brief time.) Now, I am a platoon commander, to be, next month, and now have no connection with anything I did in the Corps before or in the Organized Reserve.

Which brings me to my point; I agree with "ex-Marine" and Mr. Moffet in their statements. They are right, and I am stuck once more. However, and this may interest the big brass; they will play hell getting me into any kind of Reserve hookup when this mess is over.

I know many who feel as I do; if some use were made of our experience gained in the Organized Reserve and on the outside, we wouldn't mind. It is too bad that the future Reserve plans of our nation will suffer due to the short sightedness of people who should know better in HQMC, but when someone is burned twice he will think seriously before coming back into an outfit where so callous a disregard is held for the individual.

Sincerely yours,  
"A Reserve Second Lieutenant"  
Name withheld by request

● You entered the Reserve in March, 1948, and by December, 1948, you were a second lieutenant. Perhaps you had better read your commission again. The ones I have seen, state nothing about the type duty you perform as an officer in the Marine Corps, except, those people who receive LDO commis-

sions. Enlisted men, upon enlisting or re-enlisting sign up for General Duty, first, then they can specialize, but you are first a Marine, then a specialist. I'm sure this applies to officers as well. There happens to be a shortage of Platoon Commanders and a surplus of AGOs, so, you go where there is the greatest need.—Ed.

\* \* \*

Dear Ed:

Relative to letter of Mr. Moffet. "How true. How true!"

Sgt. John Dumn, USMCR

\* \* \*

Mr. Editor:

I think J. T. Moffet's clipping of the "ex-Marine" in your February issue is quite appropriate. But, it is not covered thoroughly enough as far as the condition of the majority of inactive Reserves are concerned.

Yours truly,  
SSgt. F. R. Zimmerman,  
2d Marine Division

Camp Lejeune, N.C.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:

Mr. Moffet is 100 per cent correct. The thing that has got me most about coming back in, is the national emergency part of it. The way I see it, I was taken in under false pretenses.

Corporal D. R. Remus  
Div Post Office,  
2d Mar Div

Camp Lejeune, N.C.

#### A RESERVIST'S MOTHER ANSWERS

Dear Editor:

Do you think "ex-Marine" knows that there are other things besides "money and Rank." The majority of boys who survived Guadalcanal, Tarawa, Saipan, Iwo Jima and Okinawa, spent months and months in hospitals. When they came out it was a different world to them. They joined Reserves—active and inactive, which gave them what they needed most, buddies who understood and reassurance from each other—readjustment. Then came "Police Action" in Korea. The Reserves were called. Hundreds of them had or have something wrong that could have gotten them out if they wanted to get out, but they are not ex-Marines. They're Marines.



Too bad some of these boys couldn't take up a collection and send "ex-Marine" some Red (pardon the expression) corpuscles.

B. W. McCarty

Mother of an inactive Reservist  
Jamaica, N. Y.

● We have tried to print a cross section of the pros and cons received on Mr. Moffet's letter. Naturally, there is not enough space for all replies, but just for the record, the letters berating Mr. Moffet far surpass those agreeing with him.—Ed.

TURN PAGE

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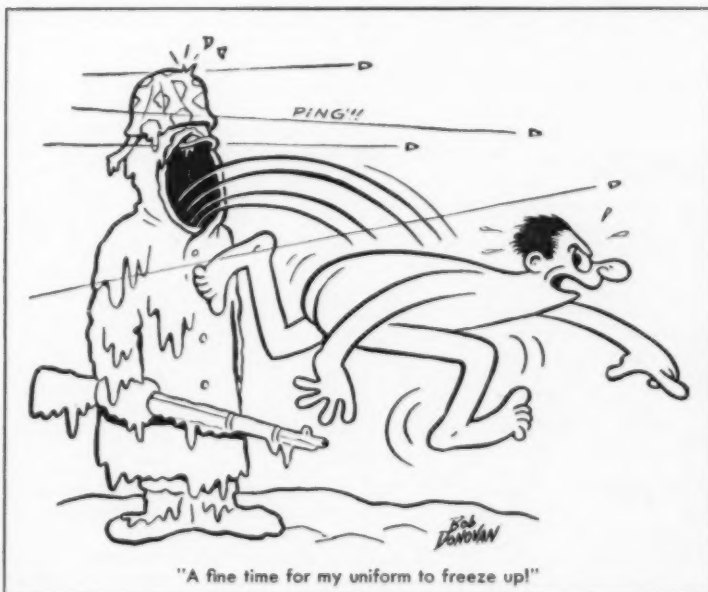
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## SOUND OFF (cont.)

### LIBERTY AND FREEDOM

Dear Sir:

I am an old ex-Marine. Receive 100 per cent compensation from the VA for WWII service connected disability. My brother was killed in the Pacific in 1943. We both enlisted in 1936 for our first cruise.

Would like to offer the following views on liberty for publication in the *Leatherneck* if you approve.

I feel that every American will be more appreciative of his great American heritage and better prepared to accept unprecedented austerity necessary to preserve it if emphasis is placed on liberty.

Liberty cannot be obtained through political patronage. Rockefeller's fortune would not buy you a minute of it. Liberty cannot be hoarded. Freedom is not a parliamentary decision. Freedom is the universal theme of man's supplication to his Creator. It is the sustaining hope of men in concentration camps; people behind iron curtains. It is the single principle that enables the fighting man to accept death or disability as a personal challenge to his right to enjoy freedom. Liberty is maintained by free men who accept individual responsibility in every election. Liberty is won for us by, and I quote a famous general, "Guts on both ends of a bayonet."

Loss of liberty means that only memories can be hoarded. Slave labor pays no time and one half for overtime. The ballot box, libraries and churches are closed forever to those who have lost their freedom.

I like to think of our flag as being woven out of the threads of the lives of the Americans who died to preserve it. Each day and night our flag is being more closely woven and our freedom made more impregnable by the new lives being sacrificed to meet the current challenge to liberty.

Semper Fidelis

Arthur M. Le Blanc, Jr.,  
Box 1095

Monroe, Louisiana



### CASUALTY LIST

Dear Sirs:

Enclosed you will find \$2.00 for a subscription to *Leatherneck*. Due to moving around so much I am having it sent to my mother.

Is there anyway possible I could obtain a complete Marine casualty list

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for the Korean action to date? I will appreciate any information on this matter.

I remain  
Corp. Robert H. Lancaster  
Comm. Pt., H&S Company  
3dBn, 1st Marines, 1stMarDiv.  
FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

● *There isn't any way possible to get a complete list, except at HQMC. (It's getting very bulky for mailing.)—Ed.*

#### JUDO

Dear Sirs:

I have been enjoying the *Leatherneck* for a number of years and have always been a faithful admirer of the Marine Corps. However, I have a question to ask and won't be at ease until I receive an answer. Why aren't the Marines given training in Judo? I don't believe that the days of hand-to-hand combat are a thing of the past. Close quarter fighting is still predominant as illustrated in many Korean battles. Besides helping the Marine to defend himself better it adds to his poise and develops muscular coordination. I believe that elementary Judo should be taught in boot camp and advanced

Judo taught in the FMF. What do you think about this?

Yours truly,  
Mr. Thomas Parker  
Cherokee, Iowa

● *It is taught in the FMF, in varying amounts.—Ed.*

AL SCHMIDT

Dear Editor:

We have a dispute on a certain motion picture that was based on the story of Al Schmidt, while he served on Guadalcanal. I was always under the impression that the name of the picture was "The Pride of the Marines." I would appreciate it very much if you would write and settle this argument. If you can, please send me the name of the star that acted the part of Al Schmidt.

Thank you very much,  
Pfc. P. A. Faretti  
1st AmTracBn, Co. "A"  
1st MarDiv.

FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

● *The name of the movie was "The Pride of the Marines." The star playing the part of Al Schmidt was John Garfield.—Ed.*

(CON'T ON PAGE 63)



"Better get to bed, Junior—You growin' boys need your proper rest"

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TURN PAGE

# COLD WEATHER TRAINING



by MSgt. George E. Burlage

Leatherneck Staff Writer

Photos by SSgt. Jack Slackbower

Leatherneck Staff Photographer

**C**ALIFORNIA has everything! That's what the Camp Pendleton Marines are saying. They've discovered that they don't have to go to Alaska for a bivouac in the snow. The Southern California mountains in the San Bernardino National Forest, 75 miles northeast of their hot, sweltering Camp Pendleton base have provided the Training and Replacement Command with an ideal Cold Weather Training Area.

High up on the slopes of the San Jacinto Mountains the men receive familiarization courses in winter combat conditions and equipment. All replacement drafts are brought to the area for a four-day training period which climaxes their advanced infantry training at Camp Pendleton.

Instructions and training are designed

to adapt the Marines for winter combat and to teach survival in cold weather. The training is under the supervision of Captain Walter Moore, USMC, a rugged outdoor man and mountain climber who welcomes this type of duty over the more routine work at Camp Pendleton. Moore is a graduate of the Army Mountain Warfare School and the Army Ski Troopers School. His hand-picked instructors are ex-mountain guides, woodsmen and ski experts. The captain and his assistants are contentedly at home in their natural classroom of mountain snow and forests.

An Aggressor force adds realism to the training. During long marches the Aggressors, in unexpected attacks, harass the column and force the Marines to take cover and fight off the

enemy. Night infiltration of the bivouac area is a daily reminder to the Marines that the Aggressors are always in the vicinity and can bring heavy casualties if proper security measures are neglected. These Aggressors volunteer for this duty and, like the instructors, are experienced woodsmen and guides.

The training which has been one of the principal functions of the Training and Replacement Command during the past winter months is the first Marine cold weather training in the continental limits of the United States. All previous Marine training occurred at Alaskan and Newfoundland camps. However, this training includes the same basic factors of any cold weather training: familiarization with special and winter clothing, cold weather discipline, and how to use cooking stoves, native



Making camp for the night in the San Jacinto Mountains. Men pitch pup tents, using the "buddy" system, after scooping out sites in snow

## The way to survive and fight in cold weather is taught in sunny California

shelter, sleeping bags and game snares.

Training is usually scheduled to coincide with a current snow fall. Although a battalion or more is scheduled for a certain period, only two companies are trained at one time. To facilitate this training a permanent base camp has been established under the command of Major Wayne F. Sanford. This camp, located at the Pine Flat public camp ground, furnishes the permanent personnel—cooks, drivers, medical, and supply. A forward camp is maintained in Dark Canyon where field stoves are set up to supply hot food for the Marine trainees.

Upon arrival at the base camp—as far as a bus or civilian car can go after a snowstorm—the Marines march four miles to their first night's bivouac area. They are briefed on the terrain that they will encounter during their subsequent marches into the mountain forests. That night they are given instructions and practical experience in tactical bivouac and infiltration. As the men spread out their sleeping bags in their shelter tents for the night, the training takes a serious turn with the Aggressors infiltrating into the camp.

Security on the march is emphasized during a five-mile hike on the second day. Aggressors keep the Marines under constant surveillance and sporadic attack during this time. Blank-firing Aggressors make repeated harassing attacks upon the column as the Marines make their way up the snowy mountain slopes. When an attack develops, the necessary fire teams or squads engage the Aggressors while the remainder of the column takes cover. These attacks continue throughout the day and night

TURN PAGE



Aggressors make plans. Sgt. Jim Delaney (drawing map in snow), former football star, is the instructor



Corp. Bob Wiley and Pfc Ted Powell find that hot chow—doesn't stay that way—eat fast or eat icicles

## COLD WEATHER (cont.)

while the men are in the field.

In the afternoon of the second day the men set up their shelter tents in their new bivouac area by platoons and receive lectures and demonstrations on individual and group-type shelters. These shelters are made with materials, native to the area, such as trees and plants. The use of these readily available items emphasizes the value of winter camouflage. Mountain cooking, making water from snow, and other cold weather hints are passed on to the men. As night approaches, security patrols are sent out to attempt interception of the Aggressors who will strike the Marine camp during the night.

After a night of blood-chilling yells from nearby hills and intermittent Aggressor attacks, the Marines start their 18-mile march to the top of Black Mountain. The march will take them up the 8000-foot mountain and across the summit of the range, and then back down to the vicinity of the base camp. On this march the men are given a day's supply of "C" rations but, like previous days, the march is tactical as they remain under a day long "attack."

The Marines learn a lot more about California geography on this third day of training. From the top of Black Mountain they are able to look down into the desert to the east and the fabulous city of Palm Springs, lying but a dozen miles from the foot of the mountain range. This northeastern slope, which faces the desert, is a favorite rendezvous for mountain climb-



The front of their column under Aggressor attack, these Marines take cover behind a large boulder while awaiting outcome of the "fire fight"

ers and skiers from all over the United States. In a two-mile descent of this slope a man can go from arctic to desert climate in a matter of minutes.

On the fourth day the men march to the highway and board buses for the return to Camp Pendleton as another draft arrives to receive the same training. These men, as replacements, will

soon be going overseas. Although their cold weather training was short, the basic knowledge they have acquired will lead toward survival in combat. They have learned these basic tactics in a minimum of time and without serious injury to any of the men. The training isn't designed to make accomplished cold weather fighters; skiing and snow-shoeing are not taught, but basically it has accomplished its purpose.

This cold weather training started last December in the vicinity of the Big Bear winter sports area which is located to the east of Los Angeles. A



Prone Aggressor spots a trainee advancing in the open. Trainee will soon discover he's stumbled into the arms of another hidden Aggressor



The Aggressor. He is a well-trained infantry Marine with combat experience





Pfc John Ruud, instructor, shows a class how to build a fireplace, with a wooden reflector, in snow



Captain Walter Moore, officer in charge of the Cold Weather Training. He is an expert mountain climber

shortage of snow caused the abandonment of the project for a few weeks and the training was finally shifted to the present location near the mountain resort town of Idyllwild. The winter training program will probably termi-

nate in April.

For a number of years the American public has been accustomed to seeing news photos of sweating dungareed Marines as they appeared during the last war. Pictures of the fighting Ma-

rines, dressed in the bulky winter clothing, worn at the icy Chosin reservoir may have seemed unusual, but versatility and preparedness for combat under all conditions has long been a Corps specialty.

END

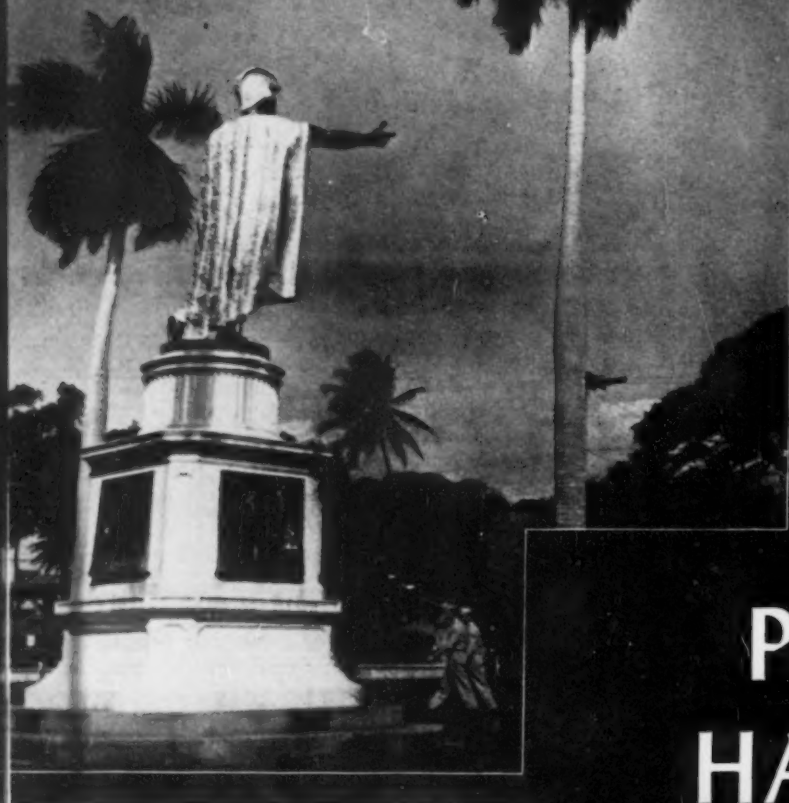


The men are nearing their noon bivouac area. Radio jeeps string out along the ice-covered route of march

in order to relay messages to class instructors. The jeeps also keep in contact with the base headquarters



## POSTS OF THE COAST



# PEARL HARBOR

**SSgt. Robert Tallent**

*Leatherneck Staff Correspondent*

**D**UTY at Pearl Harbor can't be likened to just any rock in the Pacific. It's better, and always has been better, than Guam, Wake, Midway, or Johnston Islands. Things that make a tour of duty at Pearl so easy to take can be itemized:

Liberty in Honolulu compares favorably to a big night in the States; quarters for families are next to excellent; and the Marine barracks themselves provide more comfort than any other spot in the Pacific for single Marines. As for duty, what Marine wouldn't prefer touring a heavily populated island like Oahu in preference to a goony-bird haven like Midway?

Pearl Harbor returned quickly to a

peacetime footing after World War II. Military trucks and vehicles disappeared from the super highways of Oahu, and the Navy Yard itself succumbed to the routine task of refitting the ships of the Pacific Fleet instead of patching shell-ripped hulls of American battlewagons. Even so, the Marine detachment remained in a continuous state of readiness. Their training never slackened, even though the detachment's strength was heavily cut.

Chiefly responsible for the never-ceasing vigilance and constant training were Colonel Richard M. Jeschke, Colonel Lewis B. (Chesty) Puller, and the present commanding officer, Colonel R. M. Victory.

While the Marine Corps was experiencing the vicissitudes of economy cutbacks, these officers saw to it that the security forces remained in top con-

dition. Today the training is increasing in its tempo as the turnover of personnel in the Marine Detachment accelerates. Many Reserves, and not a few 17-year-olds, have reported aboard for duty since the start of the Korean struggle. And as they report, some of the Reserves begin a version of "on the job" boot camp training.

In addition to security duties, the Marines completely maintain their own portion of the station. In the Post Supply section of the Marine Barracks alone there is a maintenance section, armory, plumbing shop, and motor transport organization.

Marine Barracks, Pearl Harbor, is probably the most scattered unit in the Pacific. In addition to three Marine detachments on Oahu itself there is a Marine detachment at Midway, and one representative (Master Ser-

geant Charlie Clark, in charge of the Fiti-Fiti guard) at Samoa.

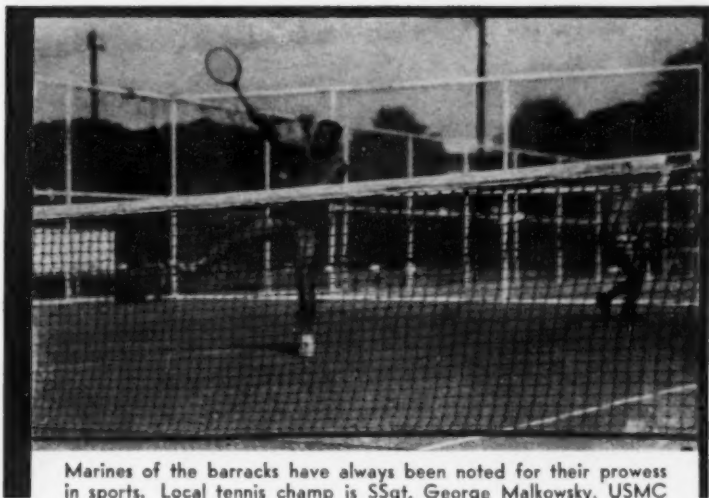
The men go out to Midway for a three months' stay, then they're rotated back to Pearl Harbor. There is never a lack of volunteers, although the Marines there maintain the security of the island, operate the movies, and run the rifle range.

The country club set of Marines hangs out at the Marine Detachment, Naval Air Station, Kaneohe Bay, Oahu. Sergeant Raymond Welch, of San Francisco, is in charge of the guard which also functions as the fire department and maintenance crew. In fact, with the exception of eight sailors, they are the only servicemen on the entire base.

Since the base has been closed, the Marines have been handling station maintenance and upkeep. They've repaired sewers, power plants and roofs, in addition to maintaining a jeep patrol, one gate, and one tower watch.

Kaneohe Bay is located across the island from Pearl Harbor. The boys don't get many visitors, but they manage to make themselves happy and comfortable, living in the old Chief Petty Officers' Club. The only excitement they've had in two years was when a Sailor disappeared while taking pictures on a nearby mountain. He was never heard from again, even though the Marines, F.B.I. and Navy conducted a thorough search.

The Kaneohe men are probably one of the few Marine detachments who have a civilian mailing address. They maintain a private post office box in Lanikai. When not on duty, the men



Marines of the barracks have always been noted for their prowess in sports. Local tennis champ is SSgt. George Malkowsky, USMC

of the detachment play a few holes on the attractive golf course located at one end of the station or go spear-fishing off the end of a runway.

For liberty they go to Kailua where there are modern movies and a couple of taverns. Most of the men have served at Kaneohe Bay for more than a year. This has given them time to make the acquaintance of most of the civilians in their area. Civilians, once they are acquainted with the Marines, shower the guard detachment with invitations to their homes for a luau. The other two outposts on Oahu are Ford Island and Wahiawa.

Marines who labor the hardest are the ones stationed at Marine Barracks, Pearl Harbor. Able Company and Baker Company split the interior guard, base patrol, and gate guard. In addition, Able Company maintains the rifle range while Baker Company is in charge of the brig. When the men aren't actually on duty during the day they're training, receiving weapons instruction and hiking in full combat gear. Off duty, the men can either stay aboard and take advantage of the highly-gearred Special Services recreation program, go to the EM Club, or hit the spots in downtown Honolulu.

As far as liberty in Honolulu is concerned, there has been a delightful change for the better since the war days. Liberty is expensive, but you can have a good time during an evening for 10 or 12 dollars. This includes a passable meal on Waikiki Beach, bowling if you feel recreational, and a few suds at Waikiki Tavern. Favorite spot on Saturday night for many of the men is the Banyan Lanai of the Moana Hotel on Waikiki Beach. All the

TURN PAGE



When the men aren't actually on duty during the day, they're training. They get in a lot of sightseeing, too, while hiking in full combat gear



## PEARL HARBOR (cont.)



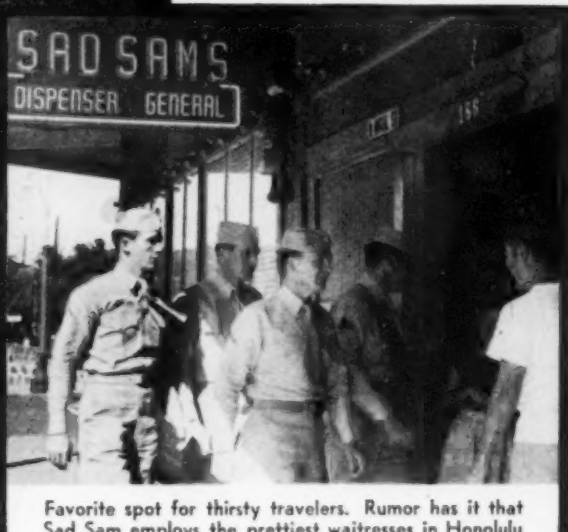
Corp. Dale Ware of Chicago stands duty at the foliage-covered detachment sentry gate



shapely tourists who come in on the *Lurline* can generally be found there. Less fancy, but still maintaining a certain Hawaiian dignity is Sad Sam's bar—another favorite spot. Some people say Sad Sam employs the prettiest waitresses in Honolulu, but after a couple afternoons spent in observation around Waikiki Beach, this is open to argument.

Sightseeing on the island of Oahu can be wrapped up in one afternoon. First you may go to the Pali and look from a cliff at the other side of the island. This spot achieved a certain notoriety long ago when King Kamehameha dumped a couple thousand defenders down the sheer face of the Pali. After leaving the Pali you follow a winding road which leads around the southern tip of the island and up to the "blow hole," a rock formation that shoots a fountain of ocean water into the air. Sometimes it's working, and sometimes not—depending upon the height of the surf. After the blow hole you take the same road and it leads directly into Honolulu. This covers the two principal spots of interest, although the island's beautiful vegetation, flowers, and civilian residences frame a breath-taking picture.

During weekend liberty most of the men like to get back to the bar-



Favorite spot for thirsty travelers. Rumor has it that Sad Sam employs the prettiest waitresses in Honolulu

racks for chow because the food at the detachment is about the best to be found on the island. The bakery, under the direction of Master Sergeant "Pop" Walters, serves pastry and bread to all the detachments on Oahu. Another big consumer is the newly-arrived Headquarters, FMF, Pacific which moved from Camp Catlin to the Marine Barracks area last summer. Their arrival swelled the number of Marines on the station to about 800. Maintenance and security, however, are still the responsibility of the Marine Barracks detachment. Men of the FMF Pac perform the bigger portion of their duties as

office workers. It becomes a joint operation, however, when a party is thrown in either the Staff NCO or NCO club.

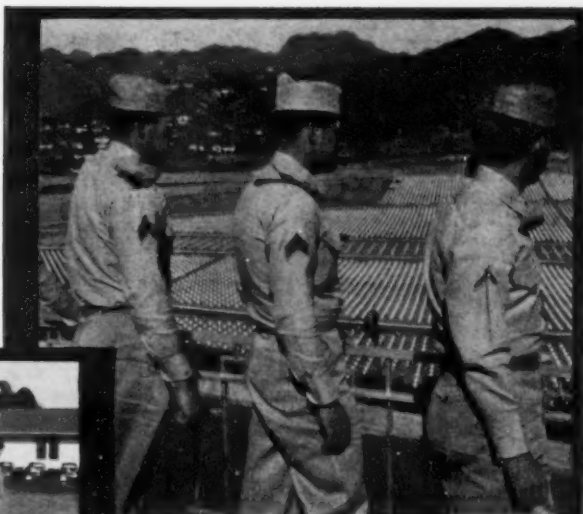
A large, former barracks houses the Staff NCO club, NCO club, dining room and snack bar. The dining room features excellent steak dinners for State-side gourmets. Both clubs have dances, hired entertainers and bingo parties frequently. As a result, the clubs are principal gathering places for the dependents of Marine personnel.

There are 97 enlisted personnel with dependents at the station. Good housing is hard to come by, however adequate housing is obtainable within a

**Honolulu liberty has changed for the better since World War II.**

**You can do the town, and have a good time on ten dollars**

three- to four-month period. Generally you take a Quonset hut, then begin your search for more attractive roofing. Wives of the men are not too fond of Oahu because of the high cost of living and the difficulty of getting around without an automobile. However, they all seem to like the languorous climate and the easy-going life of the island. In spare moments the wives of Marine personnel organized a club. One of its biggest operations was to sponsor the Hawaiian Orphans' Christmas Party during which the Marine wives gave presents to and entertained 60



Colonel R. M. Victory, commanding officer of Marine Barracks, conducts Saturday morning field inspection

At rest in the National cemetery on Oahu lie Hawaii's war dead, casualties of War II



waifs from the island orphanage.

Last year the FMF Pac and Marine Barracks teamed up to turn out one of the most potent basketball teams on the island. Playing against Army and Navy service teams, the University of Hawaii, and civilian industrial teams, they made an excellent showing—considering that the Marines' duties sometimes kept them from practicing regularly. The basketball games were always well attended by men of the barracks, their dependents and the officers of the detachment.

Six-man football came into its own, too. The Marines had two teams: FMF Pac and Marine Barracks. Although it looked like FMF Pac was carrying the edge on the Marine Barracks team, Staff Sergeant Clinton King, coach of the MB six, had high hopes of making a strong finish at season's end. There is always a continual bowling league in action, either at the Bloch Recrea-

tion Center or in the basement of the Marine Barracks. One of the most ardent fans is the Post Sergeant Major, William Crabb, who took over the post last year after putting in a year at the Marine Corps Supply Depot, Oahu.

The Marines of the barracks have always had a commendable reputation for their participation in island sports. There are numerous trophies in the big case in the post library, dating back to 1919. They cover every activity from jazz contests to sprinting. And more than one swimming trophy has been added to the case since 1944. The large swimming pool located in front of Marine Barracks may account for this proficiency. To the right of the swimming pool is a double tennis court. The local barracks champ is Staff Sergeant George Malkowsky, who works in the personnel office. The guy who takes the aspirin while looking after the entire recreation set-up for the barracks,

and this includes the air-conditioned movie hall, is Technical Sergeant William Gardner, NCO in Charge of the Special Services Section.

The Korean war has caused a fairly large turnover in personnel, but like the Marine detachments in the States, the barracks hasn't been called upon to bear the brunt of initial fighting as they did December 7, 1941, when the Marines climbed up on rooftops to fire at Jap dive bombers. It's what the oldtimers would call a happy post, even under the accelerated training program. It's a place where a Marine can still pull a two-year tour of duty—and enjoy it.

END



**R**OCKY was a large, red-faced man in his early 30's, probably the oldest man in the company. He had blue eyes, was mild mannered, and rarely spoke to me. I was 18, which seemed to be the age of folly to Rocky. We had lived in the same tent for months at a time, gone to the outdoor theater simultaneously but never together, sat at the same table at mess—and even composed, he and I, one-half of the same fire-team. But he rarely spoke to me.

This continued through long months of training. Nothing could shatter his innate reticence. And more, he was the fire-team leader, gave me orders by the dozen whenever we jockeyed around on maneuvers. Hand- and arm-signals must have been a God-send to Rocky!

A perfect example of Rocky's terseness asserted itself one afternoon during a firing problem when three squads of our company were converging on the "target," a simulated pillbox which unobtrusively commanded our entire battalion line of advance. Arriving by fire-and-movement on the one blind corner of the pill-box, Rocky looked at me—the automatic rifleman—and spat: "Cover!"

Which, translated, meant for me to cover his advance by firing into the oblique angle of the pillbox's firing slot and pinning the imaginary occupants down, or at least keeping them away from the aperture in order that Rocky might place a charge against the wall and retreat to safety before the explosion. I did, and he did, and the charge blew a beautiful hole in the pillbox. Two converging flame throwers fiercely roasted the remains, the company commander expressed his satisfaction, and we went home for supper.



In training we were smooth, but . . .

The first few days at sea did things to Rocky; he was green with the sickness caused by rolling swells and rolling, plunging troop transports. Then, slowly, he recuperated, took over a relief of ship's guard, and continued not speaking to me.

We moved up through the valleys and rice paddies on the push to Nak-tong. There were chilling rains and more than a few bloody encounters, but the regiment went steadily forward.

As acting corporal, Rocky's job was to take his orders from the squad leader, an acting sergeant named Tooley, and see that our fire-team of four men functioned smoothly in coordinated advances on line with our platoon. There was this hitch: under fire the right squad might be able to advance because of a sheltered position while the left squad, if under the direct opposition of frontal or enfilading fire, could do nothing but embrace Mother Earth and wait. Or vice versa. Either way you would develop an exposed flank, the line being broken by any unit pinned down.

One morning, early, we pushed off on a battalion attack. Snipers had let up considerably and headquarters was charting out the day's advance with eloquent hopes of securing the sector of ground ahead of us—1000 yards. Not one foot of the distance could be considered safe by any sane man with plans for the future.

Shoved out on the point for the platoon's advance, our fire-team with Rocky at the helm pushed ahead for some 400 yards. Sniper fire had ceased and all was working out according to plan, which was remarkable. Only 600 yards to go.

We cut the distance to 500 before the word was passed forward to "consolidate" temporarily. The advance had been clicking like precision machinery, true, but it is often too easy to overreach yourself on taking enemy ground. Something was wrong; it had to be. Where, we were asking ourselves, are the Reds?

The answer was obvious. Send out a patrol. Find them. Draw their fire. The bait? Rocky's fire-team, naturally. The four of us moved out with a great deal of stealth. Doubtless, it was a ludicrous advance from the Reds' viewpoint, as we were continually under their rifle sights.

The terrain was, at best, nightmarish. Scant vegetation, entire areas the size of City Hall and as bald as a parade ground. There were, occasionally, ravines and crevices in the rocks capable of shielding several men from at least half the points on the compass. At a point 200 yards from

our lines Rocky called for a conference. We huddled in the bottom of a shallow ravine.

"Sam," said Rocky to the rifleman, "cover from here." And to my assistant and me: "One at a time. Snoop and poop. Keep separated." And Rocky went over the top like he was shot out of a cannon. Like a bunch of ninnies, we all stuck our heads up to watch and saw the sand spurting up right behind Rocky's heels before we heard the crackling of Commie rifles. We three ducked plenty fast then and Sam slid a few feet away on his belly and stuck the muzzle of his rifle over the crumbling edge of the ravine.

"Okay, Petey," I whispered to my assistant. Petey went over equally as fast as Rocky had. This time there was one lone shot, and Sam hunched into his M1 and threw two rounds in rapid return.

"Where is he, Sam?" I heard myself croak.

"Left. High up."

I gathered my legs under me preparatory to making a dash for it when we heard running footsteps coming toward us.

**Cowardice is often  
an illusion which  
vanishes when the  
last bet is placed**

"Hold it!" Sam breathed.

Rocky dived headlong into our ravine, and a different Rocky it was. Face blanched deathly white, eyes staring, mouth quivering. There was a smear of blood on his right sleeve. "You hit?" Sam asked. Then: "Where's Petey?"

"Hit . . . yeah. Petey . . . Petey's out there," Rocky's hand pointed toward the open lot in front of us. I bobbed up real quick, saw Petey's huddled figure on that damned black





# WHITE FEATHER BOY

ground, took a few pieces of lead-flung dirt in my face, and dropped down.

"Is he dead?" I asked. Rocky just shook his head and began moaning, rocking back and forth with his right hand clasped desperately in his left. I tried again: "How do you know he ain't?"

"He's moanin'," Rocky shuddered. "He ain't dead. Go get him, Joe!"

I handed Sam my automatic rifle.

"Keep that guy busy, Sam!"

I felt naked as soon as I'd cleared

the top of the ravine. Petey was 50 feet away, lying very still. I reached him at last and tripped myself, rolling as that persistent sniper tried to tally one. Somewhere in the distance I heard Sam searching the rocks over to the left with my automatic. I rolled to Petey. He was trying to grin but the result was ghastly.

"Hello, Joe, whadya know?" Petey's laugh gurgled away in his throat. There was enough blood under his back to give a couple of transfusions.

It was high up in his chest. A bad one. I had to move him, and quick. Out there in the open he was right under that sniper's muzzle, and Sam couldn't keep the Commie pinned down every second. It was move him or leave him to be killed. I cradled Petey in my arms and staggered erect, breathing a vague prayer and thankful that Petey was a little guy.

"Hang on, Petey!" I tried to trot but I felt like a snail—or more appropriately, a germ under a microscope. Everything seemed to drag on my strength—the loose dirt shifting underfoot, Petey fainting and sagging more heavily against me. It seemed like years before I reached the ravine and eased Petey down to Sam, who had ceased firing to help me. Rocky was still swaying to and fro and moaning, offering no assistance whatever. Sam was already looking after Petey, ripping his jacket apart with care and checking the fresh flow of blood from the chest wound. I whirled on Rocky.

"Let's see that wound, chum!" I was downright nasty about it. Rocky made a withdrawal by placing the blood-smeared sleeve behind his back. He whimpered when I roughed him to secure the wrist in my grasp. I pushed his sleeve up.

"Damn you, you snivelling, yellow-belly!" I shouted. "You ran off and left Petey out there to die! You ain't even scratched!" Sam looked up from bandaging Petey's chest.

"Where'd the blood come from?"

TURN PAGE

## WHITE FEATHER BOY (cont.)

Petey opened one eye.

"From me," he said. "He came back to pick me up and that Commie cut loose again. He dropped me and run."

Sam and I looked at each other, then at Rocky. The guy was shaking all over and moaning like a mourning coyote. It was sickening. He'd turned quitter, yellow all the way through. It was actually hard to believe because Rocky had been too damned self-sufficient before. But there he was, blubbering.

Sam said, "What about Petey?"

"We've got to get him out of here," I told him.

"Hell, Joe! Don't you know this business is one-way? They let us walk in here, but we get out on our own—on the run!"

Sam was so right. We took inventory. Here we were, four men—or rather two men, a "boy," and a casualty, deep in Red territory, holed up in a ravine at mid-morning and unable to move an inch out of it without inviting disaster. There was just one possibility—nightfall—and that was almost nine hours away. If Petey could hold up that long, we might make it back to our lines and comparative safety. And there was still Rocky to account for.

We settled down for a long wait. Sometime during the first hour the Commies threw some "organized resistance" at our lines a couple of hundred yards behind us. It was terrifying. Suppose a platoon of Reds came our way? To resist would be merely inviting mortar fire; not to resist might be worse—capture, torture and God only knows what. We crouched in the ravine and sweated it out. Petey had lapsed into a coma and the color of his skin made me uneasy. Rocky had quieted down some, but his fingers were shaky and indicated his fear as he nervously rubbed the short stubble on his jaws. Sam and I took turns crawling up and down the length of the ravine and mounting guard. It would be so simple for a Commie to sneak up within grenade distance and blow the four of us to kingdom come.

Toward noon we experienced a new fear. Artillery shells from our own batteries started passing overhead and jarring the earth with their rumbling explosions. Little by little, they shortened the range, creeping closer and closer to our ravine. Sam crawled back from his post and put his lips close to my ear.

"It's screening fire, isn't it, Joe?" (Ca-room! Ca-room!)

"It's got to be," I shouted back.

"Spread out, Sam. No need for all of us to get hit."

Sam crawled away again. From where I lay, a few feet from Petey, I could see Sam's heels jutting around the curve of our shallow trench. By looking back over my shoulder I could see Rocky lying face down, his shoulders heaving with great, dry sobs. The B——, I thought. *Yellow clear through. What a guy for a leader!* (Ca-room! Ca-room! CA-ROOM!)

That was much, much closer. They couldn't get any closer without messing up our battalion advance if the battalion was moving up! Headquarters had planned on 1000 yards today. Well, we'd given them 500. And four of us who had stepped off another 200 had very limited chances of ever returning at all. (CA-ROOM!)

MY EARS rang from that one. *Get up and run, you fool, I thought. Petey's going to die anyway and Rocky isn't worth saving. Get Sam and run!* I shook my head vigorously. I couldn't think straight with all that thunder pressing against my eardrums. (CA-ROOOM!) O God! (CA-ROOOM!) Our Father, who art in heaven (CA-ROOOM!) hallowed be thy name . . . What's that?

"Sam?"

No answer

"Sam?"

I looked up, frozen with terror. Petey's eyes were open and staring up over my head. The naked horror mirrored there spun me around instantaneously, and I saw the Commie. There was a grenade in his hand, poised high over his head, stark and very real. I heard a faint staccato crackling amid



the thunder in my ears and the Commie disappeared abruptly. I blinked and looked around. Sam was kneeling at the curve of the ravine with my automatic rifle at the ready. Smoke curled out of the open receiver and I pieced together, somehow in the jumble of wild thoughts, that Sam had gunned the grenading Commie in the very nick of time. I turned back to Petey.

"You okay, kid?"

Petey opened his eyes again. The horror was still there, intact. I bent over him and he cringed away, his eyes widening.

"Petey," I said, "don't you know me? This is Joe!"

"Dirty Red!" Petey screamed. I jumped back involuntarily. Sam came crawling up and tried to soothe Petey. Petey called him a name. Sam looked at me.

"Golly, Joe," he said. "We've gotta get Petey out of here."

"Don't I know it! But how? We've talked it over and how in hell can we move before night?"

"I don't know, but we've got to find a way. Look at Petey. He's losing blood right now, already so weak he can't stand to lose any more. He's suffering from shock and out of his head from it. Hell, the kid's only got one chance in a hundred, but if we wait 'til dark he won't have even that."

Sam was dead right. We had to find a way.

"What about Rocky?" I said. Sam looked annoyed.

"Well, what about him?" he countered. "We can't make the yellow — do anything." We both looked at Rocky, now sitting up but still shaking miserably.

"Joe! Sam! Let's get out of here!" Even his voice was shaky.

"That's just what we intend to do," Sam flung back. "You got any suggestions?" The shelling had let up for the moment. In the sudden silence Rocky looked around slowly, his face haggard with fear. We noticed how bloodshot and red-rimmed his eyes were as he crawled over to us.

"Why not use a couple of rifles and a jacket for a stretcher," he suggested. Sam and I looked at each other. How, we wondered, had we possibly overlooked that?

"That would leave one rifle for protection," Sam reminded me. I nodded. "We'll have to take the chance."

We turned to, preparing the stretcher for Petey while Rocky, momentarily encouraged by the lack of shelling, took the automatic rifle and mounted guard. The sky was overcast with low-hanging clouds and a thin mist was beginning to fall. It was about four hours before dark, but the mist cut down visibility



Four bursts—somewhere, four North Korean widows

to our advantage. Apparently, to the rear, the battalion advance had bogged down. It was puzzling to us, having heard little or no resistance sounding like small arms fire. Perhaps the "consolidate positions" order had been made permanent.

We finished the make-shift stretcher, placed Petey carefully on it and started angling down the ravine in a low crouch, followed by Rocky with the BAR. For about 20 yards the shallow cover took us straight back toward our lines, then, very abruptly, it petered out. We set the stretcher down for a breather and put our heads together. Sam made a brief inspection of Petey's bandage and came back.

"The kid's bleeding again, Joe," he said. It was the same as saying, "We've got to hurry, fellows, or Petey won't get medical attention in time."

We picked up the stretcher and angled across the wide open flat which extended for about 15 yards, then entered a jumble of rocks. Here again we paused, searching for the most sheltered route south. A raindrop splattered on the back of my hand. All around us, with the suddenness of a squall, the beginning patter of large drops pounded the earth and began to turn the soil into a layer of slime. Sam unstrapped the poncho from his pack and wrapped it around Petey. Rocky and I pulled our ponchos on hurriedly. The rain was coming in a steady, monotonous downpour now, but it was pulling down the Commies' visibility!

We took off once more, this time with

Sam in front with the rifle, Rocky and I carrying Petey on the stretcher. The wind was rising, hurling the rain against our ponchos with a ridiculously loud rattle. Petey's weight became a nagging strain on my arms but we kept pushing on, hoping to reach the lines before we were spotted.

We'd damned near made it when Sam came back with a cautioning signal. We stopped in the downpour.

"We'd better detour to the left, Joe. I think I almost ran into a Red patrol!"

"This close to our lines?"

"Why not? You know damned good and well the whole battalion's goofing off in this rain, probably lying around trying to keep dry."

There was a grain of truth in what Sam said. Rocky again took the rifle and Sam and I detoured to the left with Rocky tagging along behind us. We were going just fine until I tripped over an imbedded rock and fell to my knees. The stretcher was almost jerked out of Sam's hands. Then, in quick succession, two things happened. First, a shot ripped through my poncho and grazed Sam's helmet, and; secondly, as we threw ourselves flat, we looked back and saw four Commies rushing Rocky at close range!

For one paralyzed moment it looked like a one-sided show, then Rocky's automatic stuttered to life. Four bursts, four inert bundles of rags—origin: North Korea! Rocky turned and sprinted toward us.

"Go on," he said. I'll cover for you!"

It was like he'd never for a moment

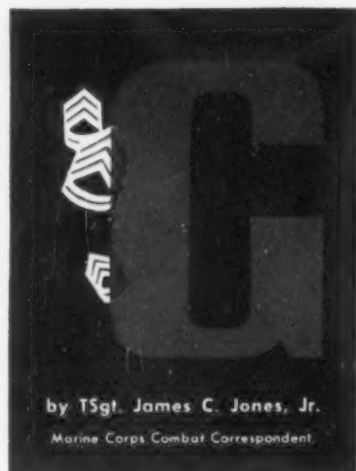


lost his calm judgment and sense of command. Without comment, without acknowledging, even to ourselves, that we knew those four Commies were but a vanguard of a larger patrol, Sam and I picked up the stretcher and moved toward our lines and safety. And through the drumming rain we heard the violent struggle commencing in the draw where Rocky stayed to cover for us, heard the booming chatter of the automatic, the spiteful snap of rifles, and at the peak of the battle pitch, the scream of a triumphant grenade, then the rain closed in.

We made it. And they saved Petey with expert medical care and several transfusions, but none of us have ever forgotten that lone combat, fought as a rear guard action by Rocky. He covered for us and he covered well. When they found him next day—and commended him for a Silver Star—they found, too, a number of the fallen enemy. At the gallant end, Rocky was probably the oldest man in the company. He was a man who knew fear, but, too, a man who was capable of heroism because of that fear.

"Fear?" said Sam. "That's what you gotta have in you in order to be a brave man. Without it, you're a damn fool!"

END



# THREE Gunnys

**L**IKE any organization, building toward 200 years of history, the Marine Corps cherishes certain internal institutions, certain trademarks.

The gunnery sergeant—the man, or the title itself—is one of these institutions established over the Corps' glory-laden years. It is a part of the Marine Corps which refused to change with the times—or the law. The Unification Act directed that the Marines rate their staff non-commissioned officers in Army style, that is, staff, technical and master sergeant. Probably it was well intended, but it trod on sacred ground. By a swish of the pen, the platoon sergeant, the gunnery sergeant and the master gunnery sergeant supposedly were rates to be swept into oblivion.

The Marines were gracious about it. Officially, the rates were changed. In the field, however, the gunnery sergeant remains as essential a part of the Marine line company as the BAR.

That is why, in Korea with the First Marine Division, "Gunny" is still official. "Gunny" is standard nomenclature, defining in a word the Marine who is man enough to wear the rate.

If you had been a Marine coming out of the Chosin reservoir area, and had seen the little group of seven men who were first to come across the high pass, you would not have called the five-striper who led the group a technical sergeant. You would have called him "Gunny"—because at that moment, as a Marine, you would have been tremendously proud of your branch of service and of that gunnery sergeant who was leading off a new page in Marine history. Calling that gunnery sergeant anything other than "Gunny" would have been profane. When you called him "Gunny," you

identified his rate, and you accorded him his due respect for having crashed through Chinese lines and led the way out for his men.

"Gunnery Sergeant" brings to mind those fabled-names of the past, names which throughout the years have burnished the title "Gunny," have given it the regard it commands. Dan Daly, Lou Diamond, Mickey Finn, John Quick, John Basilone, and others—these illustrious, somewhat legendary, figures have put the gloss on the Marine Corps "Gunny."

These are the men Marines recall with a trace of awe. "There was a MARINE!" they say. These were the career NCOs; fighters so accomplished at their trade that their names burn brighter each year in the Marine Hall of Fame.

They were big men and small; they were quiet and loud, retiring and boisterous; gentle and rough; teetotalers and hard drinkers; reverent and profane. They were all manner of men. But first, last, eternally, they were Marines—always dependable, exceedingly competent, intensely proud of their position and profession.

They were Col. John W. Thomason's men, who had "... a tolerant scorn of nearly everything on earth ... They talked patronizingly of the war, and were concerned about rations. They were the Leathernecks, the Old Timers: collected from ship's guards and shore stations all over the earth ... They were the old breed ..."

In the field, the title "Gunny" retains its proud implications. Why? Because once again, the old timers have been collected from ship's guards and shore stations all over the earth. This time, they help to form the First Marine Division.

Look through Brigadier General Lewis B. Puller's First Marine Regiment. It is inevitable that you find laced within the First Marines, contenders for the precious designation,

"Old Breed." Leading candidates for the office spring naturally from Chesty Puller's command. A little of the former colonel's "salt" is bound to rub off on men serving under him.

There is, for instance, a trio of master sergeants—"master sergeants" under the law, "Gunny" to the officers and men of the First Marines.

There is Rocco Zullo.

"Rocky" Zullo is not in the field with his men at present. He may as well be, however, for all the thought and conversation that is devoted to him. Rocky was with his boys in a convoy fighting into Hagaru-ri on Nov. 29. When a vicious firefight exploded around the column, Zullo ran for a truck mounting a .50 caliber machine gun and leaped aboard. He sprayed Chinese emplacements so effectively that other Marines were able to load the wounded aboard vehicles and break out of the ambush.

Rocky, however, paid heavily for his swift action. An enemy machine gun stitched a pattern across the truck. Zullo took four slugs in the stomach, one in the hand. Rocky hung on. When the truck pulled into Hagaru-ri, he refused to be moved or treated until the other wounded Marines were transferred.



ZULLO

© "Fix Bayonets" by Colonel John W. Thomason, Jr. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.



Zullo was evacuated by air, and he left a worried company behind. Their worry did not abate until they received a Christmas card from the Gunny. In the Naval Hospital, Yokosuka, Japan, the "Rock" had come through a crucial operation; he was given a 50-50 chance after that. His men figure the odds strongly favor Zullo. They feel that he can beat any game on an across-the-board gamble like that.

"I pity the poor nurses who have to put up with the Gunny," one Marine said, and set off a round of reminiscences.

"I'll tell you the kind of Marine Rocky is," said a first sergeant. "He's always sharp—sharp in appearance, sharp in running his company. He ran a rifle company, and everybody knew that he did. That's just the way it was.

"When Rocky slept, everybody slept. When Rocky ate, everybody ate. When Rocky took liberty, everybody took liberty."

A captain broke in.

"I was on the *West Virginia* with Zullo," he said. "I was a private and he was my platoon sergeant then. He whipped us into line in nothing flat. He acted tough, he looked tough, and he was tough. He really impressed us young Marines. He'd beat the tar out of a private if he thought that was what the man needed most. Old Rocky Zullo. Yes sir! There's a Marine."

"Old" Rocky Zullo is no moss-covered museum piece. He is a 33-year-old, square-jawed, dark-eyed, dark-

First Marines, was on the move. The boys liked that.

"Rocky is cast out of the same mold as Johnny Basilone was," said another Marine. "You can look in his record book and one notation there will tell you a lot about Rocky. It says something like: 'Asked about his suitability of assuming duties of battalion sergeant-major, he said he didn't desire to be assigned any duty higher than what he has, and didn't care to achieve a higher position in the Corps than he now holds.'"

You would have to talk to Zullo himself to learn just why he wishes to remain in his present position. Another



FERRIGNO

After Shanghai, Ferrigno did duty at Mare Island and then at Hingham, Mass., where he had charge of the last official Marine mounted patrol, discontinued in 1938.

Quantico, Cuba, New River, Pendleton, the record continues, and then Guadalcanal. Evacuated from the 'Canal, the "Gunny" served under Col. Frisbee at Portsmouth. Next came sea duty aboard the USS *Albany*, then to Lejeune, and finally, foreign shores again, this time Korea and the Inchon landing.

Wearing four rows of ribbons, Ferrigno has added to the collection in this campaign. Standing beside Chesty Puller, he was awarded the Silver Star by Major General Edwin Almond, Tenth Corps commander. He has been recommended for a Bronze Star for action at Seoul, where he also added a Purple Heart to his ribbons.

The 44-year-old "Gunny," who has fired expert on most Marine weapons for over 20 years, is six feet, one inch, of solid Marine. His slate-gray hair is closely cropped; an immaculate mustache sports diminutive "handlebars." His tremendous zeal for personal cleanliness is a source of wonder, and sometimes chagrin, to his men. An encounter with a youthful private recently, in the division's rest camp, illustrates this point.

"Got your washing done yet, son?" Ferrigno asked the private.

"No, Gunny, not yet. Haven't got any water."

Ferrigno stopped, put a patronizing

## The spirit of "The Old Breed" lives today in Korea

haired Marine from Claremont, N. H. He's been in the Corps since July, 1937. He hit Guadalcanal, Cape Gloucester and Peleliu in World War II. After the war he served with Marine Corps forces in North China. He landed in Korea with the First Marine Division, hitting Inchon, Seoul, Wonsan, Kojin, Hamhung, thence into the savage Chosin reservoir campaign. He holds the Bronze Star, a pair of Purple Hearts, and wears three tiers of campaign and occupation ribbons.

Rocky would be pleased to know that his boys think of him often. He might be mildly surprised to know that they even miss his voice. That voice, with all the qualities of a bullhorn and strong enough to pierce a bank vault, left its echo across Korea.

"Saddle up, George Company!" would ring out, and carry over the rice paddies, through the village streets, across the mountain snows, and everybody knew that George Company,

of the trio, however, in explaining his own reasons for refusing promotion, probably answered for Zullo.

"I was first offered a commission in 1938," said "Gunny" William G. Ferrigno, "and my jacket at Headquarters probably has nearly 40 recommendations since."

"I never have taken a commission because I've never thought I could fill an officer's boots the way I think the boots should be filled."

This is the man Colonel Julian Frisbee always introduced as "the best — — Marine in the Corps."

From West Quincy, Mass., Ferrigno enlisted in July, 1927. His first service was aboard the USS *Wyoming*. His record from there on is a patchwork of Marine Corps campaigns and stations: Nicaragua in 1928 with the Fifth Marines and again in 1930 as president of an electoral board during the Nicaraguan elections; Panama next; then Shanghai duty with the Fourth Marines.

hand on the Marine's shoulder, and delivered one of his famous "sermons with a moral."

"Look, youngster," Ferrigno began. "This morning I had a canteen of water. I brushed my teeth. I shaved. Then I took a bath. After that, I washed out some socks, then some skivvies."

"Hold on, son," admonished the "Gunny," holding up a hand as the private started to speak.

"After that, I washed out two blankets. That's all, son."

Legends grow around lectures like that, but legends already have snowballed in Ferrigno's wake.

"I've been aboard stations when Ferrigno has reported in," said another gunnery sergeant of the First Marines. "First thing he does, always, is investigate the liberty. Then he'll go to the captain and say something like, 'Now I don't want the captain to have to write any embarrassing letters to Wash-

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### THREE GUNNYS (cont.)

ington at the end of the fiscal year. I notice only two men are on leave . . . should be 20.

"Ferrigno will go on like that for a while, and before you know it, the captain is convinced that 30 men should be on furlough. Ferrigno is the only gunnery sergeant I know who always knocks on the first sergeant's or sergeant-major's door before entering. He'll tell you the reason for that is because he did it when he was a private, and he'll keep right on doing it."

How long will that be?

"I plan to stay in until I have hashmarks from my elbow to my wrist and am carrying a handful, and my boy Johnny is walking along behind me carrying a helmetful of campaign ribbons."

He has only one regret.

"The last two years have hurt, because all those colonels have been retired as brigadiers. They were all first lieutenants when I came in. Yeah, talk about your 'Old Breed' that's them—two-fisted, hard, rough, tough, neat—and very fair."

Ferrigno professes a dislike for personal publicity.

"Never been able to live down that 1939 deal," he said, referring to a *Life* magazine spread, which pictured him as the "Outstanding Marine."

One of his obligations, he feels, is to contribute as much to the Marine Corps as he possibly can. It was for that reason, in the paralyzing cold of Chosin reservoir, that Ferrigno filed two written reports to the Marine Corps *Gazette*. Topics: The functioning and malfunctioning of Marine weapons and equipment under severe weather conditions.

The last member of the trio has ideas on these matters, too—ideas which he expresses with considerable verve.

"The Equipment board oughta have a representative in each regiment out here in the field," said Guiseppe Guilano, Jr., gunnery sergeant for the regimental H & S company. "How else can they make a close study of our problems—like these sleeping bags? Too short. Or the carbine malfunctions?"

Guilano is not opinionated, not unduly critical, but rather has the best interests of the Marine Corps in mind when he hands down these judgments.

That is a typical trait among superior NCOs. The average NCO may drift along, accepting anything and everything as it comes, keeping any suggestions—possibly beneficial—to himself. Men like Guilano, Ferrigno, Zullo, others, take mental notes and pass them along to their superiors.

They are working toward greater efficiency and adding, incidentally, to elan. Here, Guilano shines; his very manner is enough to put spirit into his men, spur them on, make them proud of their regiment, their Marine Corps.

Guilano has the knack of passing loyalty down through the ranks, so that each man becomes infinitely faithful to his superiors.

Of Gen. Puller, he will tell anyone: "I swear by him. Anything he says or does, I think is right. Anything. It doesn't make any difference what it is."

The younger men, hearing the "Gunny" repeat statements like that, inevitably follow the lead.

Guilano himself commands the respect and loyalty of both officers and men. His well-known record plays a large part in instilling that respect. He has ably demonstrated his combat ability, time and again. At Cape Gloucester, in World War II, for instance, the "Gunny" took it upon himself to re-take a machine gun position from the Japs. He succeeded, and manned the gun alone for an entire night. The Corps was pleased; Guilano was awarded a Navy Cross. He also picked

conviction concerning the fate of "boots." He believes that every Marine should catch two years of duty in the Fleet as soon as he is out of boot camp.

The theory: When a man lives "spit-and-polish" constantly, when he bunks down in exceedingly cramped shipboard quarters, when he is well acquainted with the inflexible discipline of fleet duty, he will be immeasurably grateful when offered duty at any shore station and he will have Marine Corps precepts so thoroughly hammered into him that he cannot help but be a splendid Marine.

How long does Guilano plan to serve?

"I'm working on anything between 20 and 30," he grins. "It'll take more than this war to get me out."

Offered commissions before, he has always rejected promotion out of the enlisted ranks.

"Why take a commission? You see all the stuff a junior officer has to take. Why should I take that when I'm where I am. Nobody bothers me. I just do my job, and people let me alone."

The words come fast, so that one suspects they are perhaps rehearsed. Like Zullo and Ferrigno, Guilano is imbued with the responsibilities of his position. He is proud of his stature within the Corps—a career non-commissioned officer.

The 34-year-old gunnery sergeant from Mansfield, Mass., has been around in his profession. He was seagoing shortly after enlisting in Savannah, he joined the Sixth Marines, then did duty at the Navy Yard, Boston, and later at Brooklyn Navy Yard.

He was with the First Marine Division from 1941 to 1945, serving under Chesty Puller. During that time he made the Guadalcanal, Cape Gloucester and Peleliu campaigns. After the war, he served at Quantico and Annapolis, then overseas again for mediation duty in the Palestinian war.

Back at Camp Lejeune, he was with the Second Marine Division, until he was transferred to the First Division. Landing at Inchon, Guilano has since participated in all Marine operations in Korea.

The service of any one of this trio would be a blessing to any military unit. The men of the First Marines are particularly proud that they have, and are serving with, these three gunnery sergeants.

The First Marines are proud because they realize that their regiment is spawning a large share of the new generation, which is moving up to fill the boots of those eminent predecessors, the glorious "Old Breed."



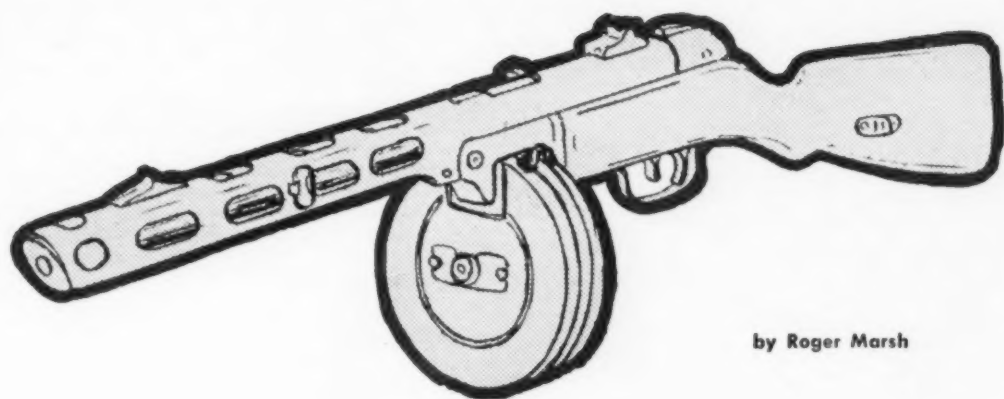
GUILANO

up a Purple Heart during that misery-laden campaign. In the Korean war, he has thus far added a Bronze Star, for action at Seoul.

Around the First Marines—"You guys," to Guilano—he is famous, by act, appearance and voice. The gray fur Korean hat he wears over his black hair is a familiar sight throughout the regiment. His husky voice, which pushes out words in the staccato fashion of a Nambu gun, can be heard up and down the regimental area often, putting out the word. The men listen well.

Like Ferrigno, Guilano has a deep

# RED Burp Gun



by Roger Marsh

## Facts and figures from an authority

who warns us not to underestimate Red arms

**★** WHEN the Russians began their initially ill-fated invasion of Finland on November 30, 1939, they met an enemy armed with one of the finest submachine guns ever built—the Lahti-designed “Suomi pistol,” a 9-mm. Parabellum submachine gun with a 71-round drum magazine. They had, to oppose it, insufficient quantities of their little-known Model 34/38 submachine gun, a conventional weapon whose high (900 RPM) cyclic rate made a poor combination with its 25-round magazine. The calibre of the Russian gun, 7.62-mm., has been generally described as too small, but its effectiveness has lately been demonstrated in somewhat unpleasant fashion.

The Russian invasion of Finland was a success, finally, but the Soviets did not forget—in the flush of success—the lesson they had been taught by the Suomi. Degtyarov, one of Russia’s “Big Four” of small arms, turned to and by 1940 had a completely redesigned submachine gun in production. In this arm the cyclic rate had been cut and the magazine capacity increased to 71 rounds. It is probable that some special 71-round drums were produced for the 34/38 during this transition period. Model 1940 introduced the “operating handle safety,” a slider in the top of the handle which could be pushed in to engage notches in the receiver above the handle slot, locking the bolt closed or open.

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# RED BURP GUN (cont.)



The Model 1940 was also famous as an early example of the Russian technique of making submachine gun barrels from burnt-out rifle barrels, cut in half, trimmed and rechambered.

The Model 1940, however, was still a comparatively hard-to-make gun, but with Shpaghin on the job, the Russians had a new submachine gun in production. Just as the Model 1940 was known as the PPD, PP standing for the Russian equivalent of machine-

pistol and D for Degtyarov, so the Model 1941 was known as the PPSH for Shpaghin. This was the blanked-out wooden-stocked slab-sided ugly hunk of death with which the Soviets went to the Elbe. It became as much a part of the Soviet uniform as the cap—or more, because a Russian might lose his cap but not his PPSH. It had an odd resemblance to the early Bergmann guns in which the receiver was hinged to the stock ahead of the magazine housing.

However, unlike conventional submachine guns (and unlike its predecessors), the PPSH was not disassembled by removing a backplate and sliding the works out to the rear; instead, the rear of the receiver, which forms a catch, is disengaged from the stock housing and the rear of the receiver is tipped up, permitting the bolt to be lifted out and exposing the barrel for cleaning.

A few box magazines were issued for the Model 1941, but



**1: Model 34/38, caliber 7.62-mm. Russian autopistol:** blowback operated, air-cooled and magazine fed. Length overall, 30½"; barrel length, about 10". Weight of gun, about 7½ lbs. Box magazine capacity, 25 rounds. A drum magazine, possibly experimental, has been illustrated fitted to this gun, but its capacity is not definitely known—probably around 71 rounds. Sighted for 50 to 500 meters. Cyclic rate around 900 R.P.M.

**2: Model 1940, Degtyarov, caliber 7.62-mm. Russian autopistol:** blowback operated, air-cooled and magazine fed. Length overall, 30½", barrel length about 10". Weight of gun about 7¾ lbs. Drum magazine capacity, 71 rounds. Sighted for 50 to 500 meters. Cyclic rate reported around 600 R.P.M.

**3: Model 1941, Shpaghin, caliber 7.62-mm. Russian autopistol:** blowback operated, air-cooled and magazine fed. Length overall, 32¾", barrel length 10½". Weight of gun about 8½ lbs. Drum magazine, 71 rounds. A box magazine, probable capacity, 25 rounds, was also used in limited quantities. A tangent sight was originally provided, sighted 50 to 500 meters, but it was later supplanted by a two-leaf type with settings for 100 and 200 meters. Cyclic rate around 600 R.P.M.

**4: Model 1942, caliber 7.62-mm. Russian autopistol:** blowback operated, air-cooled and magazine fed. Length overall, with stock extended, about 35½", with stock folded, about 24½". Barrel length about 10½". Weight of gun about 7¾ lbs. Box magazine capacity, 25 rounds. Cyclic rate reported around 600 R.P.M. Sighted for 100 and 200 meters. The Model 1942 had barrel guard and receiver made in two separate sections.

**5: Model 1943:** Same general specifications as the Model 1942 but with barrel guard and receiver made in one piece and with a later pattern stock catch.

#### **AMMUNITION comparisons:**

**U.S. .45 ACP (.45 M1911):** caliber .45, bullet weight (ball) 235 grains, (tracer) 195 grains. Muzzle velocity (ball) 820-885 f/s, (tracer) 975 f/s.

**U.S. Carbine, Caliber .30, M1:** bullet weight 110 grains, muzzle velocity about 2000 f/s.

**Russian Autopistol, Caliber 7.62 (.30).** Ball: 86 grains at 1377 f/s. A similar load is reported at 1492 f/s. The Russians also have an armor-piercing-incendiary load in this caliber with a black-red nose and a green-nosed tracer load.

to box magazines only. While the 42/43 design is generally described as a paratroop weapon, it was frequently encountered in service among Guards and other special troops formed, during World War II, of airborne troops used as elite shock units.

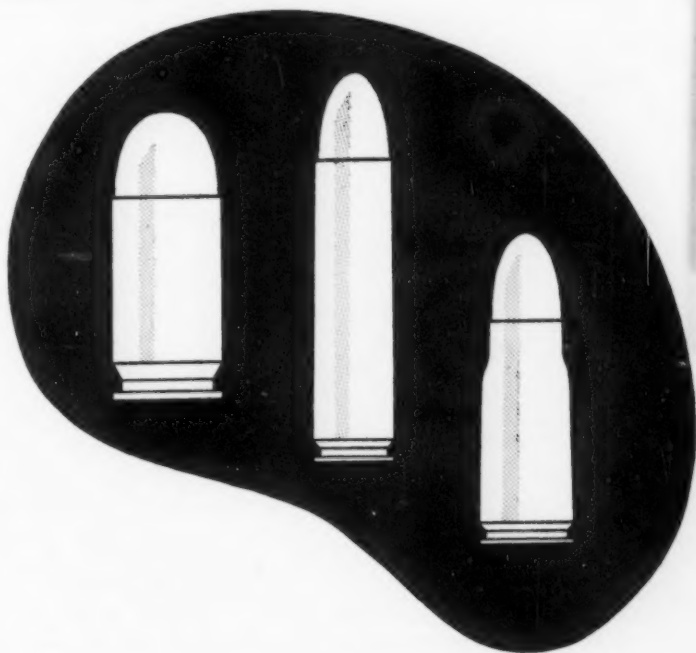
A general look at Soviet sub-machine guns leaves one with the following impressions: the cartridge may be slightly less powerful than is normally considered adequate, but unfortunately it serves. The cyclic rates of the later guns are about right, neither so high as to empty the magazine in nothing flat nor so low as to reduce the chances of a good kill, and the 1941s have a selector switch for semi-auto fire. The guns themselves are not beautiful, but they are sturdy, simple and easy to clean and maintain.

In short, these weapons must not be underestimated. We'll probably be seeing a lot more of them in the hands of any Red troops who receive their arms from the Soviets.

END

these were uncommon. The 1941 is still being manufactured and is still, apparently, the standard gun, in spite of the introduction of new weapons in 1942 and 1943.

As Russian experiences with the Suomi led to the Models 1940 and 1941, with their 71-round drum magazines and reduced rates of fire, so, it would appear, Russian observation—and use—of captured German MP38 and MP40 machine-pistols led to the introduction of the Models of 1942 and 1943. These are, for all practical purposes, the same gun, differing only in manufacture and in design of the stock catch. The 42/43 is a metal-and-plastic design, a sort of hybrid offspring of the general Shpaghin design and the manufacturing techniques of the MP38/40. It does not, however, have the operating handle safety and lacks the drum; it is adapted



# BACK BREAKERS



## You can win fame

**B**ROAD RIVER was getting black. Nasty-looking waves slapped at our 50-footer, playing tug with its 100-pound anchor. Navy-wise crewmen checked landmarks, found the tide was running strong. We were dragging anchor, heading seaward.

Our boat lay a thousand yards off the South Carolina shore . . . a mean swim if a man had to buck the tide. But no one was thinking about taking a dip at the moment, least of all the nine-man fishing party from Parris Island. Those people had one thing in mind: the earnest desire to hook a five-foot streak of lightning. Cobia!

Mention that around Parris Island and the fishermen light up like tilted pin-ball machines. It is the one big game fish that is most available to the Islanders. (Sportsmen with the money and the fishing bug come from all parts of the U.S. to the islands of South Carolina on the off chance of boating a cobia.) Some people call this ten-to-a-hundred pound package of

by TSgt. Ronald D. Lyons

Leatherneck Staff Writer

PHOTOS BY TSgt. JAMES GALLOWAY



## overnight by landing a 40-pound cobia at Parris Island

fanned fury the "sergeant fish"—and it's a good name for him. Every one in the Marine Corps wants to give him the gaff.

The three crewmen kept a constant eye on the weather, anticipating a sudden Carolina wind squall. It was easy to see they had reckoned with those boat smashers before.

Technical Sergeant Al Borgstede, Public Information sergeant at the Recruit Depot, lounged against the portside gunwhale, looking disinterested. Like other cobia fishermen, Al had already weighed his chances. Common sense told him to forget the whole thing. Enjoy the trip, but forget about hooking a cobia. After all, he was an amateur, and amateurs just don't heave a line overboard and come up with a 75-pound cobia. Besides, the closest Al had ever come to a cobia was last year when he ran across one on an 8x10 photograph. A fisherman with years of experience had made that catch. But that wasn't for Al. He

was too inexperienced.

Daydreaming, Al let his mind backtrack to another boat trip he had made several years ago. Only he hadn't been after cobia that time—not unless you could compare a Jap with a cobia.

Sergeant Johnnie Frietag, coxswain of the launch and an ex-first class in the Navy, edged alongside and broke up Al's thoughts. "How're they bitin', old man?" Unnecessary question, but it made conversation. And talk was something Al welcomed at the moment because things were dull. He had baited his hook with a live black fish a full ten minutes ago. Now he was getting impatient. Leaning over, he could see the bait fish swimming about a foot below the surface; a come-on for hungry cobias. Al had been careful to keep it alive by threading the hook through its lips. Someone had said that was the right thing to do. But that was ten minutes ago, and nothing had happened. Furthermore, he surmised, nothing was ever going to hap-

pen. Al wasn't kidding himself. He just wasn't a cobia fisherman. Too impatient. The cobias probably knew it too.

Disgruntled, he turned to the coxswain and complained, "What the hell would I do if a cobia did hit my line? I wouldn't know whether to fire a rocket or start throwing life preservers."

"Don't worry about that," the coxswain answered. "If this wind keeps up, you'll never see a cobia. They like their water sunny and calm." As an afterthought he added, "Wouldn't hurt to check your bobber once in awhile, though."

Suddenly reminded, Al turned and looked. His bobber was gone!

Thirty-two minutes later the fight was over. But onlookers weren't so sure who had won, even though a 40-pound cobia lay flopping in the boat. He still had fight left in him. Let a man step too close to that slashing tail—and he'd likely haul back a battered leg. As for himself, Al wasn't

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# BACK BREAKERS (Cont.)



SSgt. Thomas and TSgt. Borgstede hand their salt water gear to CWO Rudder (Ret.) as they embark



Coxswain John Frietag steers while Pfc Edward Mac Roberts navigates. Cobia grounds are nearby

having any more of that brute cobia. Not with a badly burned thumb, strained back, and a half dozen bruises on his belly.

When the 40-pounder hit Al's rig, he did what every cobia tries to do—head for the other side of the Atlantic. And Al did what every cobia fisherman is prone to do. He wondered whether he had the cobia, or vice versa. When he looked at his reel, he got a shock. It was full a second ago. Now it was running out of line. Stop it, and lose a thumb. Let it go, and lose a line. Al realized that unless his line snapped, or was cut by an overanxious crewman

with a gaff, or the cobia straightened out his big No. 8-0 hook, he was in for the roughest go 'round he had ever had with man, beast, or fish.

It's a happy, but worn, man who lands a cobia. Still, it's a welcome pay-off for a half-hour's struggle, no matter how limp it leaves you. And, brother, you can't be anything but limp after fighting a sounding, slashing, hellishly mad cobia.

Of course, there are some who say there's nothing to landing a cobia. They are the people who have never landed one. Talk to an oldtimer, and you get a different story. (Without reserva-

tion, veteran cobia fishermen are the world's best publicity agents for cobia.) Given enough bait, these vets will take you on one of the most exciting deep sea excursions imaginable—and you won't have to roll up your pants legs. In fact, you won't even have to leave your land-locked rocking chair.

Take Master Sergeant C. M. McCurdy, a veteran cobia fisherman. If cobias could hear some of the stories he tells, they'd hold out for shorter fishing hours and bigger hunks of bait. McCurdy's favorite is the one about a rowboat that came close to making an unscheduled trans-oceanic voyage last Summer when one of its occupants hooked an east-bound cobia. McCurdy swears the boat was four miles out before a dragging anchor slowed the fish down to 21 knots.

When Staff Sergeant J. A. Thomas, who had been cobia fishing before, takes over, the non-fisherman is sure to hear about the time an angler lost his expensive rig in 55 feet of water. The owner naturally wrote it off his books. Seconds later a bystander felt a tug. Reeling in, he brought up the missing rig after it had miraculously settled across his line. That, says Thomas, doesn't happen every day.

Generally speaking, there are two types of cobia fishermen at Parris Island: conscious and unconscious. Master Sergeant H. C. McAlister qualifies as the conscious type because he fishes scientifically. In line with his convictions, McAlister won't go near a fishing



Bait fish lure cobias quicker if they're hooked through the lips



Here's what a cobia can do to a gaff hook when he gets mean





Odds against a cobia sometimes run as high as ten to one. But when it comes to landing one, bookmakers like

to give you the short end. These seven cobia-minded Marines fished entire day; managed to land only two

boat until he's studied a volume of tide tables, plotted the tilt of the moon, and memorized the case history of every cobia known to be a fugitive from a hook. When he goes after cobia, he looks something like a ten-man hunting expedition to Gavutu. Maybe it's because of the scientific equipment he uses: seven-foot bamboo pole; 200 yards of 75-pound test line; four-foot wire leader with double swivel; No. 8-0 hook; and star drag surf reel. Supplement this with a scientifically sharpened hunting knife, high-speed camera, technical comic books, protein filled sandwiches, precision ground sun glasses, and pretested gaff hook—and you've got McAlister ready for a fishing trip.

Then there's the unconscious type. Al Borgstede. He'd just as soon use a broken golf club, a fouled up windlass, 30 inches of binder twine, and a dill pickle. Oddly, he's batting a thousand. One trip; one cobia. Needless to say, things like this stymie the scientific fishermen because there's no scientific explanation.

In-between fishermen aren't so much concerned with technique. Nor do they give a hoot about the batting averages. They go out for the love of a boat ride, and the chance to angle for a cobia. If they get a strike, good. If not—phooey.

Although the shark-like cobia doesn't show up at Parris Island until the middle of May, the Marines have been hot



A photographer comes in handy when a successful fishing party wants to prove a point. In this case, TSgt. Borgstede has adequate evidence

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## BACK BREAKERS (cont.)

to go since January. From then on it's a sort of Dagwood-Blondie routine, with Marine husbands slipping out the back door to join their fishing cronies. The only difference is that poker hands don't figure in the usual Dagwood garage scene, but fishing poles, hooks, lines, and sinkers do. Some of the best catches in recent years have been made by Blondies who never fished in their lives. Yet they can cast, hook a husband, and reel him in before he's half-cleared the back yard fence.

But the husbands are winning out since they organized. Banded together in a group called the Parris Island Rod and Gun Club, the husbands are well on their way toward convincing their once-skeptical wives that hunting and fishing are here to stay. Business-like atmosphere and sincerity of the club have been instrumental in proving the point. Presided over by Colonel L. S. Hamel, their meetings give the sportsmen a chance to jaw and haggle about everything from coons to cobias. Although they spend much of their time considering practical methods of catching game, the 60 club members never stray from their primary purpose: the preservation of South Carolina wildlife.

Working hand in hand with the Rod and Gun Club, the Parris Island Special Services Office sponsors fishing trips five days a week to the cobia feeding grounds. Manned by experienced crewmen, the launches operate on a first come, first served basis. (This unswerving principle was proved recently when a high-ranking officer called to make reservations for his fishing party. A corporal had called first. Without offense, the officer canceled his trip.)

The Marines at Parris Island don't profess to know all there is to know about cobia fishing. They've only been doing it on a big scale during the past three years. But when they do go out, they've got a pretty good idea of what it takes to land a cobia. Taking everything into consideration, the PI fisherman has a better than even chance to bag his fish because he's familiar with a cobia's habits, its manner of striking, and its method of fighting. For example, he knows a cobia bites best at the change of tide on calm days. If a cobia strikes, you never see an Islander jerk his line immediately. Since a cobia reputedly likes to scale his food before swallowing, the experienced fisherman lets him do just that—then sets the hook when the cobia makes his final gulp. From then on, it's anybody's guess as to what may happen next. Some tight-fisted fishermen have been jerked overboard; others have



Final moment of victory comes when you can measure your cobia for size

stared open-mouthed as their rods plunged to the bottom. Still other die-hards have stuck around to fight it out, sometimes to their regret. Once a cobia finds out he's swallowed a man-made hook instead of a fish bone, somebody's got to pay for the error. And smart cobias have several methods of making the fisherman pay. A favorite cobia trick is to strike out for deeper water at a speed that can burn a line off its reel. If that doesn't work, he may try circling your boat faster than a hopped-up scooter. Five minutes of this sport usually qualifies a man as a walking merry-go-round.

**P**ROVIDED you're still with him, the cobia will see to it that things don't reach the boring stage. Diving with the power of an Empire State Building elevator, he'll make you think you're reeling in that same elevator before he decides to come up. Seconds later he may be shattering Guy Lombardo's speed boat record while you're wondering how in the hell you got a hundred yards of slack in your line.

Anywhere from 15 minutes to half an hour may have passed by now. And you're about ready to call it quits. What's the use of bustin' your back, burning your thumbs, and exhausting yourself because some fool cobia wants to play games? Finally, when you are about ready to heave your rig over the side, or cut your line yourself, somebody shouts, "There he is!" Sure enough, there he is lying alongside your boat, squinting up as if to say, "Had enough, fella?"

It takes a couple of seconds for someone, usually a crewman, to spring into action with a gaff hook. And that is usually one second too long, for the cobia has timed his departure a second earlier. Then you've got another five or ten minutes of the agonizing ordeal to go through again.

Eventually, when your arms have stretched to twice their normal length, and you've got a permanent bend in your back, the cobia may come up for another breather. At this time it behooves the fisherman to see to it that the fish is gaffed once and for all—a tricky job from a rocking boat. Sometimes the man with the gaff misses, as Al Borgstede's helper did, striking the cobia's leather-tough back instead of his soft underbelly. When that happens, you may as well brace yourself for a neck snapping jolt, because your cobia has headed for down under, gaff hook and all. And if you think he ain't mad about that broken gaff hook sticking in his back, mister, you'd be better off wrestling a rhinoceros who's been cheated in love.

Let's give you the benefit of the doubt, and say you've got enough strength left to pull your cobia in. Then let us be the first to congratulate you, little man, for you've had a busy day. Next, while you roll on the deck in agony from cramped muscles and burned skin, we'll see that your "biggest-cobia-in-the-whole-damn-ocean" is put on ice for safe-keeping. Then we'll try to talk the coxswain into heading for home. Why? Because it's evident you're through with fishing for the moment.

And when we dock, we'll spread the word around, just as you would want it spread. You can rest assured we won't leave out a single detail. We'll get the boys together over at the Staff NCO Club, and we'll tell them everything that happened, just as you would do. First off, we'll set them straight as to how you caught a black fish for bait, using dead shrimp. Then we'll impress them with the fact that you've got to string your hook through the black fish's lips to keep him alive. Next, we'll spend a lot of time explaining how you threw your hook over the side, and watched it with an eagle eye until your cobia hit. Soon we'll be up on a chair, cautioning everybody to move back while we demonstrate with a broom how you handled your pole when that cobia took off. We'll bang the table top for every time your fish sounded; we'll race the length of the club every time he headed for deep water—and we'll end up by gaffing someone with the broom handle, to show how you finally got your fish.

Your admirers will be told it took you only 32 (continued on page 62)



**C**APTAIN Edward Stamford is a Marine Corps aviator assigned to the Army's Seventh Division as a forward air controller. His duties are to call in close air support strikes in immediate support of his battalion.

He landed at Inchon with the Seventh, completed the Seoul campaign, boarded ship with them, and landed at Iwon with the Army's Thirty-second Regiment.

With the regiment he moved up as part of the replacement for the Marines on the east side of the reservoir.

The following verbatim notes describe his escape, with elements of his unit, from a Chinese communist trap east of the Chosin Reservoir.

Here is his story:

"It happened at 2330 (11:30 PM). I woke up and heard some jabbering that sounded like Chinese. Then one of the Chinks lifted up a shelter-half over my sleeping position and dropped a hand grenade down on us. It landed on my sleeping bag and hit one of my men in the arm. It tossed feathers all over.

"I dove into a dugout and began firing with my pistol. I think I got one. The troops cleared the infiltrators out; the company commander was killed."

Capt. Stamford then took over the company. He set up the command post and moved a platoon down to strengthen the line. His company had no communications with its battalion headquarters that night.

In the morning the battalion executive officer took over the company, and Stamford returned to his duties. He began "running in" air strikes on the ridges around the battalion which was completely surrounded. This continued all day.

That night two to three hundred enemy, supported by a self-propelled gun, attacked. Stamford called for Marine night fighters which broke up the thrust. The battalion consolidated during the night to fight off repeated communist attacks throughout the night.

The following morning they decided to make a break for it and, with the

"Corsairs" covering them, they proceeded south along the road by the reservoir.

"When the communists found we were moving they began to chase us. I got some planes in to cover us from behind and they did a terrific job.

"The unit crossed a bridge. It was there the regimental commander was wounded. While attempting to cross on the ice near the bridge, he was captured. We dug in for the night.

"That night the unit received some fire—mortar and small arms—but they were covered most of the night by Marine night fighters.

"An air attack at dawn caught a Chinese command post back of us, and this was the day that the Marine planes had a field day. They hit the ridges and found them loaded with communist troops. On this day airdrops in quantity were made to the unit.

"It was snowing the next morning, but the planes raised hell with the communists all around us. That morning we let loose with the last of our mortar and artillery ammo on the enemy, and then we moved out again.

"As we moved out, I called in the Marine flyers with their rockets and machine guns to hit about 25 yards in front of us. I worked up close with the lead units to direct the fire the flyers were giving us. This really sold the unit on the Marine close-in ground support.

"The drive worked along the road smoothly until we hit a hairpin turn." A roadblock stopped them there.

"The place was lousy with gooks. Air covered us as best they could, but the Chinese just kept coming at us.

"A few of the troops gained a piece of high ground, but with darkness they had to move down again.

"By this time the unit was disorganized."

Stamford took over again, and "with much pleading to the tired, discouraged troops, I finally got the remnants of the convoy rolling again."

They proceeded down the road a half mile to a bridge that had been blown

out. Stamford found a trail leading up to a small-gauge railroad. He got the big trucks up to it and across the railroad bridge.

"About a half mile farther we ran right into the middle of a big bunch of gooks. They had us. We were captured.

"I'd heard the Chinese were pretty good to the wounded, so I tried to reason with them to let these loads of wounded men through, but none of them could understand English.

"The communists put me and a few others under guard on the side of the road. One of the trucks tried to make a run for it through the roadblock, but it was stopped. All the men in it were shot.

"A very young Chinese was guarding me. He was excited. His weapon went off right in my face. I felt my face to see if I'd been hit, but I hadn't. The communist soldier was so excited he couldn't get another bullet into his weapon. He was fumbling all over."

One of the men said, "I'm going to make a run for it." Stamford said "Okay, I'll go with you."

They ran together and were not fired upon.

**A**LL night Stamford kept running over ridges and through draws. One time he crept up to a ridge and saw a Chinese in front of him. "This was no place for me. I went around."

Sliding down a rocky hill he sprained his ankle. After a time he found he could still walk on it and began to hike again.

About 0230 he was challenged by a guard. "I didn't know the pass word, and when the sentry told me to advance and be recognized, I told him who I was.

"When I saw he was a Marine I told him 'you are the most welcome looking guy I have ever seen.'"

Capt. Stamford was fed and bedded for the night. The following day he went to the command post, and was evacuated by plane from the airstrip at Hagaru-ri.

First Marine Air Wing

# ACADEMY MARINES

**M**ARINES have a stake in the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland.

Since 1915, approximately seven percent of the graduating class each year have been commissioned second lieutenants in the Marine Corps. To date, this percentage represents a total of 886 Marine Corps officers who are graduates of the Naval Academy.

Some of these officers entered the Academy from civilian life while others served as enlisted Marines and were accepted into the Academy under the quota established for naval personnel.

While there are many ways of earning a commission in the Marine Corps, the Academy way offers one of the finest educations a career Marine can possibly acquire. Its price is four long years of hard study and indoctrination into the naval service; its payoff can never be measured in terms of material wealth.

It isn't easy to get into the Academy,

by Sgt. Curtis W. Jordan

Leathemack Staff Writer

and it's harder to stay. Nevertheless, the way is open to any young qualified Marine with the will to succeed. Under the present quota, 160 enlisted men in the naval service are enrolled each year as Midshipmen.

In order to qualify, a Marine must be single, between the ages of 17 and 22, and be considered suitable officer material by his commanding officer. Upon the recommendation of his commanding officer, he is given a preliminary physical examination, and tested to determine his degree of aptitude for the subjects involved in the Academy entrance examination.

Marines who successfully meet these initial requirements are then sent to the U. S. Naval Training Station, Newport, Rhode Island. Facilities of this

school were formerly located at Bainbridge, Md. This is a preparatory school maintained by the Navy Department to help candidates prepare for the Academy entrance examination. The school session starts October 1, and continues until the Academy exams the following April.

During the period of schooling, competition is keen among Marines and other naval personnel. Only those who stand among the top 160 candidates in the final examination are enrolled as Midshipmen the following June. Others who pass, but who are not included in the top 160, become eligible if an eligible candidate fails to pass the formal physical examination at time of admission to the Academy.

Among the four classes of Midshipmen now attending the Academy are 227 former enlisted Marines who entered under this quota. They competed, made the grade, and are earning their bars because they had the desire to succeed.

There's Semper Paratus in this casual outfit for studying. Former Marine SSgt. R. D. Fortmeyer, a second

classman, sharpens up on navigation, gunnery, aviation, engineering mathematics, languages. Courses are rough





# Annapolis offers a fine education and a possible commission for career Marines, but it's a four-year tour of mental duty

**Photos by Sgt. James Brown**

Leatherneck Staff Photographer  
and  
Official U. S. Navy Photographers

Take the case of former Staff Sergeant Raymond D. Fortmeyer. Academically he stands well in the upper half of the second class. But that's only part of the story. Fortmeyer's determination was demonstrated when he attended the U. S. Naval Preparatory School at Bainbridge, Md. He realized that besides placing among the top 160 candidates he would also need \$100 to deposit with the Academy before being admitted. So with typical Marine tenacity, the former staff sergeant tackled his studies and spent almost every waking hour preparing for his final entrance examination. When the smoke had cleared, Fortmeyer discovered he had made a landing, a landing right on top of the \$100 prize awarded each year to the enlisted man who stands highest in the competitive entrance examination. Thanks for establishing the fund goes to the Bainbridge class of '39, and the distinction of being the first man to win the award, effective in 1948, goes to Fortmeyer.

In some respects, the daily routine of a Midshipman is similar to that of a Marine. Students hit the deck at 0615 and make chow formation 30 minutes later. Then begins a day of study, recitation, drills and laboratory work, such as a Marine could experience while attending one of the many service schools.

At 1630, when liberty call sounds for most Marines, Midshipmen turn to extracurricular activities and sports until evening chow at 1900. After the evening meal they study and review the day's academic pursuits. Lights go out at 2145 and taps sound 15 minutes later.

During their four years at the Academy, no social distinction is made among Midshipmen. It makes no difference who they are, or where they came from, all are on equal footing. There is ample distinction between class and ranks. Each class has its privileges. Nevertheless, former Marines seem to



Small craft are used to introduce future Marine officers to seamanship. (Inset) Vice Admiral H. W. Hill, Superintendent, U. S. Naval Academy

adjust themselves quickly to Academy life. Maybe it's because of the discipline and "spit and shine" they learned during boot camp days.

There isn't much time for liberty. That is something reserved mostly for upper first classmen who rate liberty daily from 1600 till 1900 within a five-mile limit of Annapolis. Marines who like to visit their favorite slopchute with regularity would be snowed by the fact that coffee or coke is the strongest beverage these upper classmen may inhale during their three-hour daily reprieve. Heavy fines and penalties are

levied on local innkeepers who violate this law; students are expelled.

First classmen are allowed several week-ends for out-of-town leave and may also leave Annapolis on holidays. All classes have liberty in Annapolis on Saturday afternoon and the upper three classes enjoy leave privilege on Sunday afternoons. On Saturday afternoon, Midshipmen may attend out-of-town intercollegiate athletic contests in which the Naval Academy is participating. After the game, out-of-town liberty is usually granted until 2300 or 2400. Freshmen students, usually referred to

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## ACADEMY MARINES (cont.)

as plebes, are the first to load the bus on the return trip from liberty. Sophomores, juniors and seniors, otherwise known as third, second and first classmen are then loaded in that order, at half-hour intervals, giving senior men the longest period of liberty.

As junior classmen bid their dates goodnight, while boarding the liberty bus, first classmen hovering around have been known to oblige the young ladies by escorting them home. This could well be in keeping with the Academy spirit of brotherly concern, but it is more likely the result of RHIP (rank hath its privileges).

While the Academy emphasizes basic education, many former Marines find themselves in their natural environment during summer training cruises aboard battleships, cruisers, destroyers, aircraft carriers, and submarines. During these periods, Midshipmen fill regular billets in the complement of the ship's crew to learn, first hand, the duties of petty officers, seamen, and junior officers. These cruises last three months and are usually climaxed with a joint amphibious operation in conjunction with a class of West Point cadets. Former Marines who have specialized in amphibious warfare have an excellent chance to reverse the usual teaching procedure and show how it was done at Iwo.



Captain Robert B. Pirie, USN, Commandant of Midshipmen, and his assistant, Major John E. Williams, USMC, check students' progress



Small classes (about 16 men) permit close instructor-student relations. John Nagazyna, ex-MC Corp., answers Lt. Donald Gilman's question

In preparing young men for naval careers and a Bachelor of Science degree, 11 departments carry out the program of instruction and training. These are: Executive Seamanship and Navigation; Ordnance and Gunnery; Marine Engineering; Aviation; Mathematics; Electrical Engineering; English History and Government; Foreign Languages; and Physical Training.

The faculty is composed of an overall ratio of 55 percent officer instructors to 45 percent civilian professors. Navy and Marine officers who are assigned duty as instructors are carefully selected in collaboration with the Bureau of Naval Personnel. Such departments as Ordnance and Gunnery, and Seamanship and Navigation, have 100 percent officer instructors, while other departments have an equal number of officer and civilian instructors.

Students with heavy academic tasks must blow off steam. To this end, every Midshipman is an athlete and must participate in some form of athletic activity. The program of the Department of Physical Training offers Midshipmen a chance to compete in 24 different sports, thus providing men who are not on varsity teams a chance to utilize a fine opportunity for physi-

cal development. Included in this intramural program are such sports as basketball, bowling, boxing, rowing, cross country running, fencing, fieldball, football, golf, gymnastics, handball, lacrosse, soccer, squash, softball, steeplechase run, swimming, tennis, track, water polo, and wrestling.

Fortunate is the Midshipman who makes the "Navy team," and perhaps most fortunate is the man who makes the varsity football squad. Former Pfc Vic Vine, one of the team's outstanding backfield men, scored two touchdowns against Tulane in '49 and crossed the TD line against Princeton in '50. Vine is in his third year and looks forward to graduation and a Marine Corps commission.

Varsity football with all its color and appeal strikes a climactic note among Midshipmen each year with the approach of the Army-Navy game. In preparation for this grid classic, all Midshipmen go on the warpath. They are inspired by the bronze war-painted figure head of Indian Chief Tecumseh. A gift of the class of 1891, Tecumseh is a bronze replica of the figurehead used aboard the USS *Delaware* in 1817. He has become a legend among Midship-



Midshipman T. P. Conlin stands by his wall locker as First Lieutenant R. H. Porter inspects. Conlin was a Marine before entering Annapolis



From 0615 'till lights out the Middies are on the run with study, drills, lectures and inspections. Lt. T. E. Bourke inspects before noon chow

men and is reverently referred to as the god of the 2.5 (necessary for a passing mark). To curry his favor during annual examination, Midshipmen toss pennies at him as they march to class on that fateful day.

Two years ago, a substantial contribution to the program of extracurricular activities was made by former Marine Private T. P. Conlin, who is now in his final year at the Academy. While serving as a Marine, Conlin became interested in hand-to-hand combat and spent many extra hours practicing in the rear of his barracks at Recruit Depot, San Diego. Upon entering the Academy, his enthusiasm kept pace with his proficiency, and inspired him to organize a hand-to-hand combat team "a la Marine Corps," which soon won recognition from Academy officials. Last year, TV audiences saw an exhibition of this rugged art by Conlin and his Academy commandos.

Plebe year at the Academy is no picnic. The transition from civilian life to that of a Midshipman is accomplished with a minimum of diplomacy and a maximum of discipline. To former Marines, plebe year may bring fond recollections of boot camp days on an elaborate scale. The period of transition, commonly known as "indoctrination," is explained to the new Midshipman in simple language in the plebe bible, "Reef Points." The enforcement of the customs and traditions set forth in this guidebook is a source of

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## ACADEMY MARINES (cont.)

never-ending satisfaction to upper classmen.

For example, tradition dictates that plebes know the names of current movies in the Yard and at Annapolis theaters, and all scheduled sports events. If large ships enter Annapolis Roads, plebes are required to know their names and armament. Plebes are not permitted to escort young, unrelated female guests. Violation of this rule usurps the privileges of upper classmen and results in a bad conduct report. In the mess hall, plebes double time to their seats and stand at attention. When eating, eyes are kept straight ahead, and when the meal is finished, plebes are required to stand by their chair in



A uniform fit for a former Marine! P. A. Wickwire, who hopes for a Marine Corps commission on graduation, is fitted by W. P. Kitterman



Entrance to Bancroft Hall as seen from a balcony of one of its wings. This is home to all Midshipmen who attend the Academy at Annapolis

silence until given the order to march out. And so, life at the Academy follows a pattern of rules and regulations until the day when graduation is at hand.

Although Midshipmen receive no promise of a Marine Corps commission, preference is usually given to former Marines and sons of Marines, depending on the needs of the service. Midshipmen who don't fall into the preferred category are out of luck; there are always more candidates for the Corps than there are vacancies to fill.

Although graduation is the big moment in a Midshipman's life, it does not mean "no more teachers, no more books." Men selected for Marine Corps service have another year to study. They are assigned to Basic School at Quantico, Va., where they receive specialized training to prepare them for their careers in the Corps. Following this, they are transferred to general duty ashore or ashore.

The 3000 Midshipmen who comprise the student body, and the Academy's alumni, are the only ones who know the full story of Annapolis. It is a story written into the hearts of all who share those days of discipline, comradeship, tradition and pride.

And those days live because there is a spirit at the Academy. It can't be touched, but it can be seen on the faces of Midshipmen marching to class; it speaks in the voices of Midshipmen as they chant "Beat Army" and it is felt as they step off in smart stride; as intangible, yet as alive, as the tradition of the Corps.

END





"Remember the Solomons—when we used War Dogs?"



"Hereafter, Hagsley, let's try to get  
EVERYTHING at attention!"

## Leatherneck Laffs



"Our intelligence velly mistaken—they say Marines  
out of ammunition"



"Nutley is beginning to worry about the war—  
last night a civilian bought him a drink"



"Come on out, Ed—the air raid's over"



"Chinese to the right of me—Chinese to the left of  
me—and I got to do my own laundry!"

Leatherneck Magazine



"The Girl They'd Like Most to Have a Bold Venture With!" Lauren Bacall, who stars in radio series "Bold

Venture," accepts the title from SSgt. L. A. Capozzoli and MSgt. O'Donoghue of DHRS. Los Angeles PIO



Edited by TSgt. Ronald D. Lyons

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### Disease Unknown

Ask the battle-tested Marines of "H" Company, Seventh Regiment, their opinion of Sergeant Charles J. Nelson, and they whip right back with:

"He's every inch a fighter, with a heart as big as his feet."

Considering Nelson's overall dimensions, that is a compliment. The 240-pound Marine stands 6 feet 3½ inches—with size 15½ feet.

Nelson's feet present a man-sized problem to Marine supply officers in Korea because they don't carry size 15½ shoes in stock. Special shipments from the Philadelphia Quartermaster depot are required each time Nelson's shoes wear out.

During World War II, Nelson was issued six pairs of the extra large shoes. He wore out five pairs.

The big Reservist thoughtfully wore his remaining pair when he was recalled to active duty last summer. Then he shipped out to Korea.

Over the sharp, cutting ridges of South Korea, the king-sized boondockers held up promisingly. Not so, however, during the Seventh Regiment's rugged advances in the snow-swept

Chosin reservoir area of North Korea. There, Nelson's only boondockers gave out. Rather than leave his platoon and "H" Company, the loyal Marine wrapped his bare feet in gunny-sacks and carried on.

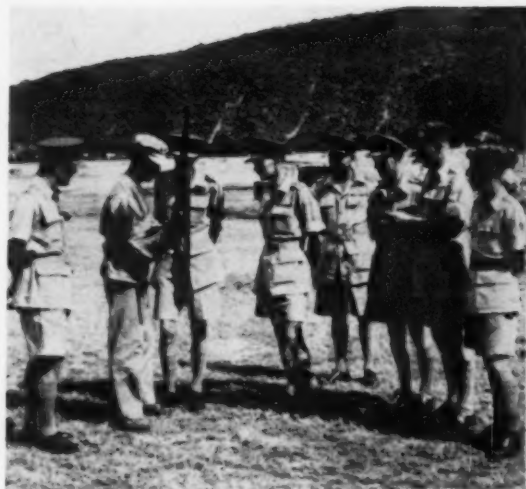
When the company commander learned that Nelson was padding about the frozen reservoir with his feet encased only in burlap, he ordered the sergeant's immediate evacuation.

Despite his protests, Nelson was removed from the zone of action. In their casualty records, Navy medical corpsmen listed the case: "Disease unknown—big feet."

TSgt. James C. Jones, USMCR  
Marine Corps Combat Correspondent

### Tea (m) Match

Marines from the Naval Operating Base, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, experienced a new twist in rifle match procedure when they lined up against the British Army Forces, Caribbean Area. The match, held at Kingston, Jamaica, on December 7, 1950, began early in the morning—as most matches do. At 10 o'clock, the Marines were puzzled by an order to cease firing. What could be so important that a



SSgt. W. E. Hall explains the operation of our M-1 to group of British officers and non-coms



Major Maxwell, captain of Inniskilling rifle team and SSgt. Hall, who fired high individual score



Observers at match: Colonel J. F. Hough and British troops. Tea was served on the firing line—but in spite

of this nerve-shattering episode, the Marines of NOB, Guantanamo Bay, won the Jamaica rifle match handily

rifle match should be stopped at mid-morning? Eyebrows and rifle sights went up when the Americans saw the reason. Tea was being served in rear of the firing line!

The British Army Forces were represented by teams from the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers and Jamaica Battalion. (The Inniskillings are an Irish regiment with a history dating back to 1689. The Jamaica Battalion is a British Colonial with a portion of its top NCOs and officers assigned on a temporary duty status from British regiments.)

Members of the Marine team were Captain E. D. Oglesby, Staff Sergeant W. E. Hall, Sergeant J. Fielding, Corporal N. H. Dukes and Pfc H. G. Goglin and W. B. Taylor. Corporal J. G. Hensmans was the team alternate.

When the Marines arrived in Kingston their ship was met by Captain P. S. Anderson and Sergeant Morrissey of the Inniskilling Regiment. Then the team was transported to the Up Park Camp and billeted with the Inniskillings. In line with British hospitality, two Fusiliers (privates) were assigned to the Marines as guides and room orderlies. Enlisted members of the Marine rifle team were invited to be guests of the Sergeant's mess, and received "royal" treatment during their nine days in Jamaica.

Results of the match were:

MARINES	998
JAMAICA BN.	880
INNISKILLINGS	846

### Happy New Year

The Marine Corps received more

proof of its world-wide reputation when three belated New Year greetings from Italy arrived at Headquarters.

The three cards are addressed variously: "to an American Marine fighting in Korea," "to an American in combat in Korea," and "to a U.S. Marine at War."

A card from Daniele Diamanti, of Sondrio, explains:

"I am an Italian boy and I cannot write English, but I hope that there will be a friend of yours capable of translating these few words I am sending you: the wish that you may soon return as a winner to your home.

"Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, Marine!"

A second card, from Marconi Pasco, of Leghorn, begins, "Dear Fighter," and expresses this sentiment:

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## WE-THE MARINES (cont.)

"I am an Italian and I am following all your deeds that Korea, today, makes it possible for you to accomplish. I would like to be at your side and fight with you to defend your cause which is also, in my opinion, the Italian cause. Unfortunately, the way to join you is precluded to me.

"Let me wish you a Happy Year 1951."

The third card, showing two children emerging from a snowy forest, bears this vigorous moral support:

"My best wishes for a very happy New Year with the wish that you may soon return at home after having defeated the damned North Koreans and the Chinese aggressors."

Signed: "Cesare M. Falessi,

"With all Italians of good will, Rome, Italy."

These tokens of international friendship are believed to be the result of an article about the Marines recently published in an Italian magazine.

## Migration

When a nattily dressed man, looking much younger than his 51 years, stepped from an airliner at New York City's International Airport in Queens a few weeks ago, an enterprising news photographer could have shot a human interest picture story. The man, Ted Sasiadek, of San Diego, was arriving in the eastern metropolis with his family of three ducks. After a pause in the big city, they continued to Long Island where Sasiadek and his ducks plan to retire. (Leatherneck—May, 1950)



Sasiadek is a former Marine sergeant, with expeditionary service in Haiti and China. He retired from the Corps twice, the first time in 1939 and again in 1946 after he was recalled for World War II duty. But since he liked the service and the people who spoke his language, he stayed at the San Diego Recruit Depot as custodian of the administration building.

Last May his family consisted of two domestic ducks, June and Leona. Shortly thereafter, Betty, a stray Mallard duckling, was left on the administration building doorstep. Sasiadek was quick to adopt her.

At Christmas time, Sasiadek's doctor advised him to retire for good. As he departed by plane, Sasiadek declared, "I just can't leave my ducks behind." That's how three ducks and a man happened to migrate from California to New York.

## Standardized MP Equipment

Visitors to MB, Henderson Hall, HQMC, have always been impressed by the sharp appearance of gate sentries and military police directing traffic at the Headquarters post. The issue of standardized special equipment for military police has been adopted on a Corps-wide basis, and has added a distinctive mark to this MP uniform.

Personnel performing sentry and traffic duty now wear white duty belts with matching magazine carriers and slides. Black and white brassards have been replaced by scarlet and gold arm bands; lanyards are worn across the chest and a brass whistle is suspended from the left breast pocket. Garrison cap and white gloves complete the outfit.

Now, the Marine MP who stops you at the gate and tells you to square yourself away is an authoritative example.



Always distinctive, U.S. Marine MPs look even sharper with new equipment



Lightweight boxing champ, Sandy Saddler, likes the looks of Marine headgear. His brother, George, 19, joined the Corps last February





Miss Anne Cates, daughter of General Clifton B. Cates, Commandant of the Marine Corps, chats with Marines

who were wounded in Korea. Left to right are: Corp. Richard S. Ray, Miss Cates, and Sgt. John H. Eggers

# GIZMO and

## "KOREAN WINTER"



# DATELINE..KOREA

Edited by MSgt. Fred G. Braitsch, Jr.

Leatherneck Staff Writer



To TSgt. Shannon L. Meany, USMC combat correspondent, who made his final deadline in Korea, December 6th. Fellow journalists and artist Floyd A. Snoderly pay tribute to a good Marine

## Captured Cache

THE Marine Corps seldom has trouble disposing of supplies these days, but the ordnance gang at division headquarters has some which nobody will touch. The unwanted supplies are some 150 tons of dynamite and bulk explosives uncovered in a maze of caves on the outskirts of Hamhung.

The explosives, together with thousands of dollars' worth of machine tools, were discovered by Captain D. L. Shenaut, division ordnance officer.

He and his men found the machinery and explosives housed in an intricate cave system extending over an area of more than four acres. The system consisted of six main tunnels running directly through a large hill. Five of these

"trunk" caves housed the explosive cache.

At the time of capture the sixth tunnel was being outfitted with machinery for the manufacture of fragmentation grenades closely resembling those made in the U.S.

Another huge tunnel was found jammed with similar equipment; lathes, drill presses and like machinery, with unfinished work still in the presses.

"The place looked as though the workers had just quit for lunch," remarked Capt. Shenaut.

"The underground movement speaks well for the effectiveness of United Nations' air attacks on the huge exposed plant nearby," said the officer. "And I think the entire command post will vouch for the power of the stuff the communists were using here," continued Capt. Shenaut with a chuckle. "We lugged about 1400 pounds of bulk explosive to the beach and tried blowing it. The blast shattered windows two miles away and sent everybody scratching for cover. It's too powerful to blow and won't burn so we're standing by for instructions from above," he said.

"All the machinery is of modern design, evidently built and installed by the Japanese during their occupation of the peninsula."

By Corporal John T. Walden, USMC  
First Marine Division

\* \* \*

## Magnificent Support

MAJOR General Oliver P. Smith, commanding general of the famed First Marine Division, in a tribute to the men of the First Marine Air Wing, said recently, "A bond of understanding (between brother Marines on the ground and in the air) has been established that will never be broken."

Referring particularly to the air support of his gallant division's successful breakout from the Chosin reservoir area in northeast Korea, the white-haired general said:

"Never in its history has Marine aviation given more convincing proof of its indispensable value to the ground Marine."



In Korea Major General O. P. Smith congratulates Col. Raymond Murray upon his promotion to rank of colonel

The general's tribute was voiced in a letter to Major General Field Harris, commanding general of the First Marine Air Wing.

"Now that the breakout . . . is a matter of history," the general said, "I want to repeat, on behalf of the officers and men of this division, my verbal expression of gratitude for the magnificent support rendered by your wing."

He stated that "Without your support our task would have been infinitely more difficult and more costly."

Picturing the feelings of his Marines who fought in the sub-zero temperatures of the North Korean mountains, the general said:

"During the long reaches of the night and in the snow storms, many a Marine prayed for the coming of day or clearing weather when he would again hear the welcome roar of your planes as they dealt out destruction to the enemy."

"After dark, the presence of a night heckler (Corsair and Tigercat night fighters) was reassuring."

First Marine Air Wing

\* \* \*

### Just "Shook"

**M**ARINES fighting in Korea have added a new slang phrase to the American language—when a buddy is suffering from combat shock or from the concussion of bombs or shells, they say, "He is shook."

Or like this:

"Saw Jones a minute ago; he was O.K., no wound, but he was shook."



Jones is embarrassed when his fellow Marines notice his trembling lips or hands or wan, battle-strained face.

"Got shook, I guess," he tries to explain. Other Marines nod sympathetically, knowing he isn't "chicken" and will soon come around and be a good man to share a foxhole with. Like the most expert of psychiatrists, they know instinctively that it is just a temporary affliction; some sack time, a little hot chow and maybe a letter from home will fix him up.

The battalion doctor takes a look at him, maybe, as he walks by the aid station.

"Just shook," says the doc—probably outraging all the rules of definition observed by physicians back home. But the Navy hospitalmen working with him know just what he means—"The guy's shook, that's all!"

First Marine Division



Patrolling Marines, led by tanks, go hunting in the mountainous "game preserves" of Korea. Their quarry? Bands of North Korean guerrillas

### Combat Art

**I**F the phrase "Marine Combat Artist" suggests a mental picture of a long-haired gent in scarlet-and-gold kimono and Marine green beret, working in a quiet Washington penthouse, you haven't met people like Sergeant E. V. Gurda.

The husky young Marine, who is indeed a quiet family man when there isn't a Marine campaign going on, left his home in Williwick, Ohio, when the Marines called their Reserves to active duty last summer. The following "unretouched" account was taken from his diary entries, of several days of service as a combat artist in Korea.

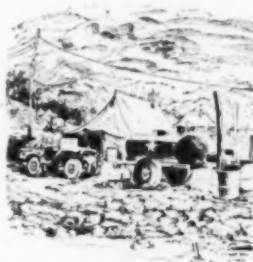
"Left on assignment to Hagaru-ri to sketch the Eleventh Marines in action. On Tuesday, November 28, spent morning sketching 'A' Battery in action against Communists in surrounding hills.

"Tuesday afternoon went out to perimeter and sketched 50-caliber machine gun emplacement. Decided to spend rest of day and night in emplacement. Shortly after dark the Chinese forces hit Hagaru-ri from all sides. Machine gun emplacement and surrounding area were under constant attack all night, ending at daybreak. Helped in covering gunners with rifle fire. Had a few close calls—phosphorus grenade landed nearby—no damage. Chinese got in close enough to spray flank of emplacement with Thompson sub-machine gun.

One Marine gunner got one through helmet but he was O. K.

"Burning house in background helped us to zero in on commies as they ran in front of it and were silhouetted against the flames.

"Threw grenades and plenty of rifle fire to cover machine gunners whenever gun jammed—twice during night only. Caught lots of mortars after midnight but again our emplacement came out O. K.



"Word came to our sector that the east end of perimeter had been penetrated by the Chinese. Crawled out with several others and moved to defensive positions facing east flank in case they overran all the way. In about an hour, though, word came back that Marines had run the Chinese back outside of our perimeter. Went back to original perimeter emplacement and bumped into body of Chinese who ap-

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## DATELINE . KOREA (cont.)

parently had got past our emplacement. Made doubly sure he was dead and returned to hole where I continued rifle fire and throwing grenades until dawn. Platoon in our sector was credited with 104 dead Chinese communists by actual count in morning.

"Wednesday, November 29 — Spent day chasing and hunting snipers loose in Hagaru-ri.

"Thursday (30th) the same. Helped in POW stockade guarding prisoners and assisted in hospital. Average one to two hours sleep in 24 these nights, or rather days as most fighting at night. Participated in sniper fight. Found burp gun in attic of civilian home. Brought in all participants — inhabitants of the house—for questioning.



"Thursday night Chinese hit us at midnight right on the dot. Helped run prisoners back from front lines to POW (stockade) for questioning.

"Friday night Chinese quiet. Helped most of day and night in hospital at Hagaru-ri.

"Saturday came back to H.Q. with a nice cold and 104 degree temperature — and a few ideas for sketches."

First Marine Division

\* \* \*

### Three Of A Kind

THREE Marine enlisted pilots who have flown in combat with the First Marine Wing Observation Squadron since the beginning of the Korean war are on their way back to the United States for a deserved rest.

Master Sergeant Herbert J. Valentine, Technical Sergeant Lloyd B. (Pat) Britt, and Technical Sergeant Robert A. Hill have a combined total of more than 200 missions since they landed at Pusan, August 2. The only enlisted fliers in the squadron, the trio flew light observation planes on rescue missions, search and reconnaissance hops, and artillery and close air support of the Marine and Army forces fighting out of a communist trap in the Chosin reservoir area.

Valentine, a World War II ace who shot down seven enemy planes in the Pacific, is a former captain who flew fighters before he joined the observation squadron. A veteran of nine and one-half years in the Corps, he holds the Navy Cross, two DFCs and seven Air Medals.

Valentine was shot down behind enemy lines in the early days of the Korean war, but escaped safely and returned to his outfit. He lost another plane when he crash-landed while evacuating wounded from a make-shift strip at Majon-Ni, where a Marine battalion was surrounded by communist guerrillas. When not at the controls of a light plane, he serves as NCO in charge of the operations section.

Britt, another World War II officer and veteran of eight years service, flew fighters and transport planes before switching to observation planes. He holds the Distinguished Flying Cross, five Air Medals and a special commendation ribbon for service with the First Marine Brigade. He worked in the

a veteran of four years Navy and four years Marine Corps service.

Hill narrowly escaped injury when he crash-landed a light plane on a narrow street which was being used as a landing strip in Masan during the early stages of the war.

Pfc Bob Said, USMC  
First Marine Air Wing

\* \* \*

### A Marine

WHILE all the other Marine casualties waited impatiently to be evacuated by air from Hagaru-ri emergency field, one wounded sergeant kept falling further back in line.

As a transport loaded the Marines, wounded in the battles with Chinese communists at Yudam-Ni and Hagaru-ri near the Chosin reservoir, the line moved up and another plane was loaded.

First Lieutenant John Lepire, a First Marine Air Wing observation squadron pilot on the field between artillery-spotting flights, watched the sergeant's actions and was puzzled.



Captain Ernest Clifton, right, has flown 27 strikes against Communists in Korea. His radar operator, SSgt. Paul Virosteck, has 18 missions

Squadron Operations Section before being relieved to return to the U.S.

Hill holds the distinction of being the smallest pilot in the squadron. Called the "Mighty Mite," his size didn't keep him from logging 76 combat flights, highest total of the group. A former second lieutenant and fighter pilot, he holds two Distinguished Flying Crosses, six Air Medals and a special commendation ribbon for service with the First Marine Brigade. He is

He walked up to the sergeant and asked, "Why are you dropping back in line? Every time I see you, you're farther back."

The burly sergeant said he believed, "Those other Marines are hurt worse than me. I only got a bullet hole somewhere around my stomach and I'm in pretty good shape."

The lieutenant looked at the wounded Marine and directed him to his two-seat observation plane. "You're the



kind of man we want to keep alive in the Marine Corps. Come along with me," he said.

In about half an hour the two were at Yonpo airfield and the sergeant was being treated at an emergency hospital.

First Marine Division

\* \* \*

### British Royal Marines

A group of infantrymen wearing jaunty forest green berets and speaking with clipped "r's," have earned the respect of fighting men up and down the North Korean hills.

These young Englishmen belong to the 41st Independent Commandos of the British Royal Marines . . . and they bow to no man when it comes to the bloody business of the foxhole.

Ask the American Marines who watched them under fire.

The cocky Commandos reached Korea shortly after Peiping stepped into the war. They were on the mountain road between Koto-ri and Hagaru-ri en route to join the American First Marine Division when the Chinese offensive began. Elements of at least four communist regiments swarmed over the Britons. For two days and more the little group fought its way through the miles of deep valleys and shark's-tooth separating them from Hagaru-ri.

Time and again they clawed inch by impossible inch up the ridges only to reach the top breathless and sweating and to be smashed back by sheer weight of numbers.

The heart-bursting strain of up-hill fighting so drained the weapon-laden men that they often stumbled, fell, and tumbled down steep inclines.

But they climbed again and fought again until that hill and the one beyond was secured.

The sub-zero nights were even worse. The commies infiltrated with typical disregard for loss. And they demanded a brutal toll.

But after 48 hours the Commandos entered Hagaru-ri. Colonel D. B. Drysdale stood by the side of the road and counted the passing berets perched defiantly, to ascertain the extent of the casualties.

With traditional British stoicism, the men began "setting up" in the center of the besieged reservoir town.

Original plans for joining the First "Divvy" to the west were now void. The Americans at that moment were fighting desperately to break out of the Chinese trap in the Yudam-ni valley.

They broke over and reached Hagaru-ri December 3. There they paused only long enough to breathe deeply, pick up Col. Drysdale's shrunken band, and begin the 50-mile trek to the coast port of Hungnam.

Within a week the Commandos again

found the same ridges they had previously crossed.

On the return trip they were assigned as reconnaissance team with the Fifth Marine Regiment. This unit had the precarious job of rear guard for the soldiers, Republic of Korea troops, and Marines on the breakout.

Along the route the enemy waited everywhere. When their mortars and small arms stalled the convoy, British



Maj. Gen. O. P. Smith pins brigadier stars on Brig. Gen. Lewis B. Puller

berets could be seen bobbing near the battered helmets of U.S. Marines.

At last it was over. Among the last units to enter the temporary haven of Hungnam were the Royal Marines. The berets still crowned every head. Warmth and shelter awaited; the men slept. They slept the sleep of men who had fought a fight for existence through half a hundred miles of frigid, nightmarish terrain.

Later, Col. Drysdale found a moment to answer a few questions concerning his command.

The men are hand-picked volunteers from regular ranks of the Royal Marines. Most are in their early 20s and unmarried. Some were trained in England especially for the Korean operation. Others, originally shipped overseas as replacements elsewhere, wound up in Korea.

"We came into this show far short of regular strength," remarked the six-foot-three-inch London-born skipper.

"The idea behind the organization is the same as that behind British army Commandos in World War II—hit-and-run raiding. Yes, the Commandos could be termed the Fleet Marine Force of Great Britain's Marine organization."

The 41st is entirely outfitted with American equipment and arms. To a man they maintain preference for

British-made weapons. Nevertheless many of them have become very fond of American infantry tools.

"I imagine we'll see this show out with the American Marines," concluded Col. Drysdale. "We both operate much the same and that, naturally, makes for greater efficiency."

By Corp. J. T. Walden, USMC  
First Marine Division

\* \* \*

### Guerrilla Hunters

A DOSE of bombs, rockets and machine gun bullets hurled from Marine-manned Corsair fighter-bombers has proved good medicine for a bad case of communist guerrilla activities.

Two of the anti-guerrilla specialists applied the remedy in the Yangdok area. They were First Marine Air Wing flyers, Major Frank Presley and First Lieutenant Don B. Houge.

While escorting an Army convoy west out of Majon-ni, the pilots could see the North Korean guerrillas were being pressed in between the army and



an ROK force advancing east out of Yongdok.

Ahead of the Army unit, the flying Marines spotted a group of about 30 enemy troops dug in on two ridges overlooking the road five miles west of Yangdok. The pilots strafed and bombed both ridges.

A search up a valley road to the north of the column produced about 300 communists in mixed uniforms attempting to flee the Army-ROK pincer.

They asked the ground controller for permission to attack the group and received the green light.

With the dose of bombs and rockets, the pilots estimated they disposed of the greater portion of this group of guerrillas.

\* \* \*

TURN PAGE

## "Kite Kills"

JAPANESE children, who often coat their kite strings with ground glass and stage aerial battles, have invented a new game in the area surrounding the First Marine Aircraft Wing's base.

They deliberately fly their flimsy kites in the landing pattern of nearby practice fields, and laugh happily when a Marine Corsair pilot, flying in a rigidly controlled approach pattern, smashes the kite or shears off the string.

Two Marine flyers, Captain L. J. Bernal and Second Lieutenant Frank Daugherty, recently destroyed three kites during field carrier landing practice at Hanshin field near here.

Bernal landed his Corsair with a long length of string trailing from one wing. Daugherty had another length fouled in his landing gear.

Both pilots could see the kites, but could not swerve from the approach pattern to avoid them without getting a wave-off from the landing signal officer on the simulated carrier deck.

The two flyers are wondering how soon they will collect four more "kite kills," which would give them five apiece and make them the Wing's first "kite aces" in the Orient.

By Corp. Bob Said, USMC  
First Marine Air Wing



## How Battery

THIS is the letter of a Marine. It was written by Pfc. Richard J. Bernard, 20, of Newark, N.J., from an Army hospital in Japan to the officers and men of How Battery, 3rd Bat-

talion, Eleventh Marine (artillery) Regiment:

"... I was one of the Marines trapped at Sinhung-Ni, northwest of Hagaru, with Fox Company, 2nd Battalion, Seventh Marines, from 26 November to 2 December. I had just been wounded and was lying on my back in a tent when I first heard your shells hitting very nearby. At first I thought they were Chinese shells because they were so close, but later found out it was How Battery firing.

"The accuracy of your fire was terrific and your continuous firing saved our lives for seven days and eight long cold nights. I wouldn't even try to estimate how many Chinese you killed. They were too many to count.

"You boys belong to one of the best batteries in the Marine Corps. I know that every man in Fox Company feels the same way that I do. Although I have had both feet amputated from frostbite in the last few days, I am grateful to you men from How Battery for saving my life.

"I especially want to thank First Lieutenant Don Campbell and his Forward Observer team. They did a wonderful job of directing your fire.

"Thanks again. I shall never forget How Battery."

First Marine Division

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## Picked Clean

MARINE airmen go to great lengths to keep their planes flying.

One Corsair, shot down by Chinese communist small arms fire, was landed in friendly territory.

The pilot hitch-hiked home and reported to his squadron commander that, aside from a few holes, the fighter was in good condition.

Major Harold Eisele, made a reconnaissance. It was impossible to repair the plane and fly it out of the area, so he did the next best thing.

He sent several small expeditions by jeep to the plane. Each returned with parts critically needed as spares for other aircraft. Today what is left of the downed Corsair resembles remains of a Thanksgiving turkey.

First Marine Air Wing

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## "Some Flying!"

MARINE riflemen can't find enough nice things to say about fly-boys.

Riflemen returning from one patrol told of the miraculously close bombing and strafing attacks made by the flying Marines against enemy positions.

"Once, when the Chinese commies held a hill right in front of us, our officers called for a tactical support air strike," they related. "The airdales

came in so low that we had to duck down ourselves. We thought they'd never pull out of their dives."

"They smashed that hill so hard with rockets and bombs that we had it to ourselves five minutes after the explosions died away."

The same patrol told of Air Force flying boxcars which dropped ammunition and supplies when their battle back to camp extended over several days.

"Big as they are, those planes came down into ravines and pin-pointed their supply drops to make sure we got 'em and the enemy didn't," said the Marines. "Man, that was some flying!"

First Marine Division

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SSgt. Edgar Deighan: special letter of commendation "for excellent service"

## On The Line

IT takes more than ice, snow and Chinese communists to keep a Marine from shipping-over.

Three Marines proved that nothing could chase them out of the Corps recently when they re-enlisted on the front lines.

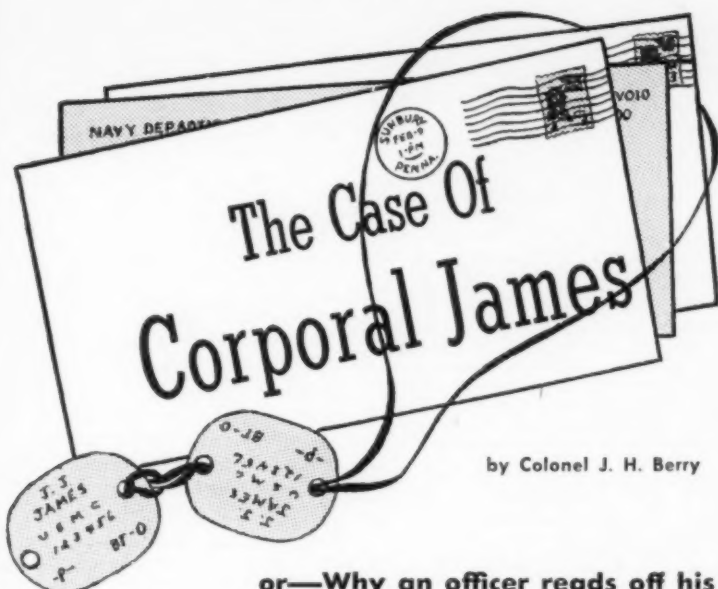
The three, Master Sergeants Rufus A. Stowers, with 16 years service; Eugene Dabrowski, also with 16 in, and Edward E. Edenfield, with 14 years' drag, all re-enlisted in North Korea just one day before the start of the war's most bitter fighting.

Proving that they found homes in the Corps, Stowers elected six more years, Dabrowski signed for the same six and Edenfield for four.

Sworn in immediately by their battalion commander, the trio received final settlement checks right on the front lines.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Master Sergeant Rufus A. Stowers was listed as wounded in action November 3, 1950.

First Marine Division  
END



# The Case Of Corporal James

by Colonel J. H. Berry

or—Why an officer reads off his men when they can't find their dog tags

**C**ORPORAL JAMES was wounded in action near Seoul, Korea, on September 21, 1950. This series of dispatches, letters, and actions followed.

Fm CG 1stMarDiv  
to Comd MarCor  
Casualty report No. 10 X  
Wounded in Action X James J. J.  
Cpl 12345 \* X  
Outgoing telegram  
1 October 1950

MR. & MRS. A. A. JAMES  
ROUTE 1, BOX 1

OKLAHOMA  
REGRET TO INFORM YOU THAT YOUR SON CPL J. J. JAMES HAS BEEN WOUNDED IN ACTION 21 SEPTEMBER 1950, IN THE KOREAN AREA IN THE PERFORMANCE OF HIS DUTY AND SERVICE OF HIS COUNTRY. I REALIZE YOUR GREAT ANXIETY, BUT NATURE OF WOUNDS NOT REPORTED AND DELAY IN RECEIPT OF DETAILS MUST BE EXPECTED. YOU WILL BE PROMPTLY FURNISHED ANY ADDITIONAL INFORMATION RECEIVED. HIS MAILING ADDRESS IS: "1ST PROVISIONAL CASUAL COMPANY, FMF, FLEET POST OFFICE, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.", UNTIL HE FURNISHES YOU WITH NEW ADDRESS.

C. B. CATES  
GENERAL, U. S. M. C.  
COMMANDANT OF THE USMC

\*For obvious reasons James, J. J. Cpl. 12345, is fictitious. The facts of this case, however, come from an actual happening.

Okla.  
Oct. 11, 1950

Adjutant General  
Washington, D. C.  
Dear Sir:

I was told that if I would write to you that you would help me to hear from my son or at least about how he is getting along.

My son Cpl. J. J. James 12345 USMC of the 'I' Co 3 Bn., 1st Mar Reg. 1st Mar Div FMF was wounded September 21 in Korea and I was notified of this giving him change of address as the 1st Provisional Casual Company FMF c/o FPO San Francisco Calif. But I haven't heard from him nor from any one stating how badly he was wounded. Now, I wrote my son every other day before I received the message, then I wrote him every day since. I sent some stamps in one letter a stamped envelope and told him if he had to for him to write on the back of my letter. He has always been very good about writing home. In fact, he had written 5 letters home before he was wounded. The last two were dated Sept 17 and Sept 20 - the day before he was wounded. So please sir if you can help me hear from my son I would certainly appreciate it.

Thanking you in advance I am  
Sincerely yours,  
(signed)

Mrs. A. A. James  
Route 1, Box 1  
Okla.

IN spite of the vagueness of the address on this letter, it was referred to Headquarters Marine Corps for appropriate action. On 25 October we sent the following dispatch and telegram.

FM COMDTMARCOR  
TO CO FIRST PROV CAS CO  
SUBMIT WELFARE REPORT . . . JAMES J J  
12345  
MRS A A JAMES  
ROUTE 1 BOX 1

OKLA  
INFORMATION RECEIVED THIS HEADQUARTERS INDICATES YOUR SON CORPORAL J J JAMES 12345 USMC RECEIVED MISSILE WOUND OF THE THORAX ON 21 SEPTEMBER 1950. A WELFARE REPORT HAS BEEN REQUESTED FROM HIS ORGANIZATION. YOU WILL BE FURNISHED PROMPTLY WITH INFORMATION WHEN RECEIVED. HIS MAILING ADDRESS REMAINS FIRST PROVISIONAL CASUAL COMPANY FMF C/O FLEET POST OFFICE SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA UNIT UNTIL HE FURNISHES YOU WITH NEW ADDRESS

COMMANDANT OF THE MARINE CORPS

**B**Y the 16th of November Mrs. James, having had no word concerning her son, sent us the following letter.

Okla.  
Nov. 16, 1950

Commandant of the Marine Corps  
Washington, D. C.  
Dear Sir:

I received a telegram from the Commandant of the Marine Corps from Dallas, Texas Oct. 25-'50 stating that my son's (Cpl. J. J. James 12345 USMC) organization had requested a welfare report of him. He was wounded September 21 in Korea. So far we have not received any welfare report. They said the information would be sent on to me.

I have not heard from my son since he was wounded. So you see I don't know where he is or how he is. I want to know where he is and I want to know how he's getting along and is he being sent to the States.

Please let me know, will you? I'm so worried and don't know which way to turn. Thanking you in advance, I am

Sincerely yours,  
(signed)

MR. A. A. James, R 1 Box 1  
His old address was -  
Cpl. J. J. James 12345 USMC  
'I' Co 3 Bn, 1st Mar. Reg,  
1st MarDiv FMF  
c/o F. P. O. San Francisco,  
Calif.

His present address is -  
Cpl. J. J. James 12345 USMC  
1st Provisional Casual Co. FMF  
c/o F.P.O. San Francisco,  
Calif.

I have written him every day and none of my mail was re-

TURN PAGE

# CASE OF CORPORAL JAMES (cont.)

turned. I even sent stamps and envelopes in my letters to him and told him to write on the back of my letters if he didn't have any paper. Now my son was extremely good about writing home, so I know there is a reason for him not writing. Please let me know where and how he is and if he'll be sent to the States.

Thank you again

Sincerely,  
(signed)

Mrs. A. A. James



"I'm a bookkeeper—What are you?"

whatsoever. The telegram the Government sent was addressed to Mrs. A. A. James, R.R. 1, Box 1, \_\_\_\_\_, Oklahoma, the boy's mother.

The Jameses are mighty fine farm people, operating a dairy farm a few miles Northeast of \_\_\_\_\_. I had quite a talk with Mrs. James yesterday and she asked if I would try in some way to help them. I can think of no better way than appealing to you, as I feel confident you will do everything you can to get them some kind of information.

With kindest regards, I am  
Sincerely yours,  
(signed)  
Alton B. Smith

Before the above letter could get to us, however, Mrs. James sent us a telegram.

\_\_\_\_\_, OKLA NOV 27  
COMMANDANT US MARINE CORPS  
RE CPL J J JAMES 12345 1ST PROVISIONAL  
CASUAL CO FMF SON WOUNDED SEPT 21  
LATER MESSAGE OCTOBER 25 STATING  
WOUNDED WELFARE REPORT TO FOLLOW  
NOT RECEIVED ADVISE CONDITION

MRS A A JAMES

So we again asked for a report.

28 NOVEMBER 1950

FM COMDTMARCOR  
TO FIRST PROV CAS CO  
SUBMIT WELFARE REPORT JAMES J J CPL  
12345 X

... and sent Mrs. James the following telegram;

28 NOVEMBER 1950  
REGRET NO ADDITIONAL INFORMATION  
RECEIVED CONCERNING YOUR SON  
CORPORAL J J JAMES USMC SINCE THAT LAST  
FURNISHED YOU ON 25 OCTOBER. A  
WELFARE REPORT HAS AGAIN BEEN RE-  
QUESTED. ANY INFORMATION RECEIVED  
WILL BE PROMPTLY FORWARDED.

COMMANDANT OF THE MARINE CORPS

Seven days later the Casual Co. came in with this:

5 DECEMBER 1950  
FM 1ST PROVCASCO  
TO COMDTMARCOR  
YOUR 282245Z X... NO RECORD THE  
FOLLOWING NAMED MAN X...  
JAMES J J CPL 12345

At this point it became apparent that the pressure of a mounting administrative workload was too much. The papers on Corporal James were in someone's "Hold" basket. Suggesting this in a nice way we sent the following dispatch:

8 DECEMBER 1950

FM COMDTMARCOR  
TO CO 1ST PROV CAS CO  
CG 1ST MARDIV MSG 280227Z STATES  
CPL JAMES EVACUATED TO JAPAN 22  
SEPTEMBER X URMMSG 050947Z NOV  
STATES NO RECORD JAMES J J CPL  
12345 X INSTITUTE SEARCH X ADVISE

Mrs. James, with no information from us to go on, had done some work on her own. The results of this, coupled with a mild reprimand, came in the following telegram:

\_\_\_\_\_, OKLA DEC 11 1145 A  
COMMANDANT OF MARINE CORPS  
OUR NEIGHBORS SON WHO IS IN THE  
ARMY IN KOREA HAD RED CROSS AND  
FIRST PROVISIONAL CASUAL CO CHECK  
ON OUR SON CPL J J JAMES 12345 THEY  
REPORTED HE COULD NOT BE FOUND WE  
FEEL WE HAVE BEEN PATIENT LONG  
ENOUGH WE WANT HIM FOUND NOW AND  
A REPORT ON HIM AND TELL ME WHERE MY  
MAIL IS GOING SINCE NONE HAS COME  
BACK AND I HAVE WRITTEN HIM EVERY DAY  
MRS. JAMES

We replied to Mrs. James:

12 DECEMBER 1950  
SINCERELY REGRET NO ADDITIONAL  
INFORMATION RECEIVED CONCERNING YOUR  
SON CORPORAL J J JAMES USMC SINCE  
THAT FURNISHED YOU 28 NOVEMBER  
WHEN WELFARE REPORT AGAIN REQUESTED.  
INVESTIGATION BEING CONDUCTED.  
DEEPLY APPRECIATE YOUR ANXIETY AND  
WILL PROMPTLY FORWARD ANY INFORMATION RECEIVED.

This telegram obviously didn't satisfy Mrs. James. She sat down and again addressed herself to the Adjutant General, Washington.

\_\_\_\_\_, Okla.  
Dec. 16, 1950

To the Adjutant General  
Washington, D. C.  
Dear Adjutant General:

I wrote you once before about my son but that has been over a month ago. So I thought perhaps you may be able to help me. My son, Cpl. J. J. James, 12345 was wounded in Korea Sept. 21 and so far I haven't been able to hear from him. I received a telegram Oct. 25 stating that he had a thorax wound and to this day I haven't been able to receive a welfare report or any mail from him so please if you could help me anyway I would appreciate it very much.

His first address was:

Cpl. J. J. James 12345 USMC  
'I' Co. 3 Bn. 1st Marine

ON receipt of the above letter, and with no reply to our 25 October request for a welfare report, we sent another dispatch.

21 NOVEMBER 1950

FM COMDTMARCOR  
TO CO FIRST PROV CAS CO  
SUBMIT WELFARE REPORT JAMES J J CPL  
12345

A lack of any definite information necessarily caused speculation and talk. Mrs. James spoke to one of the local realtors, Mr. Alton B. Smith, who, in turn, wrote Senator Robert L. Kerr about the case. Senator Kerr referred the following letter to the Commandant:

&  
Realtors  
\_\_\_\_\_, Oklahoma

November 22, 1950

Senator Robt. L. Kerr  
Senate Office Building  
Washington, D. C.  
Dear Senator:

This letter is in reference to a young boy wounded in Korea on September 21, 1950. The history of the case is as follows: The boy's name and address before he was wounded was as follows:

Cpl. J. J. James, 12345, USMC  
I Company 3rd Bn. 1st  
Marine Reg.  
1st Marine Division FMF  
c/o F.P.O. San Francisco,  
Calif.

On September 21 his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. James, R.R. 1, Box 1, \_\_\_\_\_, Oklahoma, received notice that he was wounded and that his future address would be:

Cpl. J. J. James 12345 USMC  
1st Provisional Casual Co.  
F.M.F.  
C/O F.P.O. San Francisco,  
Calif.

Since that time Mr. and Mrs. James have tried in every way to get some information regarding their boy. They have appealed to the Red Cross and the Army but can get no information



Reg. 1 MarDiv FMF  
c/o F.P.O. San Francisco,  
Calif.

His address now:

Cpl. J. J. James 12345

1st Provisional Casual Co.

FMF

c/o FPO San Francisco, Calif.

If I could just be informed  
that he is alive it would help.

It has been almost 3 mos. now  
since he was wounded. And I  
still can't hear from him. If  
he's in the States and I knew  
where he was, I could go to  
him. Please won't you help me.  
So far none of my mail nor my  
package has come back.

Thanking you in advance for  
any help you may give me, I am

Sincerely yours,  
(signed)

Mrs. A. A. James

R. R. 1, Box 1

Okla.

While this exchange was going on,  
the 1st Provisional Casual Co. was  
checking its records, and those of  
the hospitals in Japan, trying to  
find Corporal James. The results of  
the search came into Headquarters  
on 27 December.

FM 1ST PROVSCASCO  
TO COMDTMARCOR  
... NO RECORD HOSPITALIZATION  
OF ... JAMES J J CPL 12345

The First Marine Division was,  
by this time, sufficiently disengaged  
from the Chinese Communist Forces  
to attend to other matters. Having  
received a copy of the above dis-  
patch, they came through the next  
day with:

FM CG FIRST MARDIV  
TO COMDTMARCOR  
INFO 1ST PROVSCASCO  
... JAMES J J CPL 12345 WIA TWO ONE  
SEP EVAC TO JAPAN TWO TWO SEP

We went right back with:

FM COMDTMARCOR  
TO CG 1ST MARDIV  
CG FMFPAC  
CG 1ST PROVSCASCO  
NO REPLY MY 081718 DECEMBER X  
1ST MARDIV MSG 280227Z NOV SHOWS  
JAMES J J CPL 12345 EVAC JAPAN 22  
SEPTEMBER X 1ST PROVSCASCO MSG 050737Z  
DECEMBER SAYS NO RECORD THIS MAN X  
FAMILY RECEIVED NO WORD FROM SON  
SINCE WOUNDED X INSTITUTE SEARCH  
CMA SUBMIT WELFARE REPORT AND HAVE  
MAN WRITE FAMILY X PRESIDENTIAL  
INTEREST X EXPEDITE REPLY

You will note that "Presidential  
Interest" is indicated. The people  
of the United States often call upon  
the President for aid in time of  
personal stress. That, apparently,

was what Mrs. James had done. The  
First Marine Division picked up the  
ball and started downfield with it:

31 DECEMBER 1950

FM CG 1ST MARDIV  
TO BUMED  
INFO COMDTMARCOR  
CG FMFPAC  
CG 1ST PROVSCASCO  
PLEASE ADVISE IF NAVMED FOX CARD  
IN CASE OF JAMES J J CPL 12345 USMC  
X IF AFFIRMATIVE REQUEST NAME  
ORGANIZATION THAT SUBMITTED CARD X  
JAMES WOUNDED IN ACTION 21 SEPT 50  
ADMITTED TO 1ST MARDIV HOSP AND  
FURTHER EVAC TO MED DET 532 ENGR  
AND BOAT REGT US ARMY INCHON FOR  
EVACUATION TO SHIP SAME DATE X AS  
JAMES NOT RETURNED TO DUTY OR NO  
RECORD OF BURIAL IN CEMETERY IT  
WAS ASSUMED HE WAS FURTHER EVACUATED  
BY SHIP TO JAPAN X CG FIRST PROVSCASCO  
STATES NO RECORD JAMES BEING HOS-  
PITALIZED JAPAN X INFORMATION RE-  
QUESTED FOR PRESIDENTIAL INTEREST

31 DECEMBER 1950

FM CG 1ST MARDIV  
TO CG USS CONSOLATION  
INFO COMDTMARCOR  
CG FMFPAC  
CG 1ST PROVSCASCO  
REQUEST RECORDS BE REVIEWED TO  
DETERMINE IF JAMES J J CPL 12345  
USMC ADMITTED YOUR SHIP FOR TREATMENT  
AND IF SO DISPOSITION X JAMES WOUNDED  
IN ACTION 21 SEP 50 ADMITTED TO 1ST  
MARDIV HOSP AND FURTHER EVAC TO MED  
DET 532ND ENGR REG FOR EVAC TO SEA-  
WARD ON SAME DATE X PLEASE EXPEDITE  
X PRESIDENTIAL INTEREST

The bureau of Medicine and  
Surgery replied:

31 DECEMBER 1950

FM BUMED  
TO CG 1ST MARDIV  
INFO COMDTMARCOR  
CG FMFPAC  
CG 1ST PROVSCASCO  
REUR 311107Z NAVMED FORMS FOX  
AND/OR NEGATIVE NOT REPEAT NOT RECD  
BUMED

And the Consolation signaled:

FM CONSOLATION AH 15  
TO CG 1ST MARDIV  
INFO CG FMFPAC



"Th' Cap'n sez ever'one should  
put on clean, dry socks!"

COMDTMARCOR  
1ST PROVSCASCO FMF  
YOUR 310811Z X NO RECORD OF ADMIS-  
SION OF JAMES BT

Waiting until 6 January, the First  
Marine Division then queried:

FM CG 1ST MARDIV  
TO CG 1ST PROVSCASCO  
INFO COMDTMARCOR  
REF MARCOR MSG 292337Z ADVISE THIS  
HQ RESULT YOUR SEARCH

And got this reply:

FM CG 1ST PROVSCASCO  
TO CG 1ST MARDIV  
INFO COMDTMARCOR  
CG FMFPAC  
YOUR 061255Z X NO RECORD ADMITTANCE  
OF JAMES J J CPL 12345 USMC IN ANY  
HOSPITAL OF JAPAN

Having no luck with either Ma-  
rine Corps or Navy sources of in-  
formation, the First Marine Division  
then went to the Army:

8 JANUARY 1950

FM CG 1ST MARDIV FMF  
TO CG TENTH CORPS  
INFO COMDTMARCOR  
CPL J J JAMES 12345 USMC WAS EVACU-  
ATED FROM 1ST MARDIV HOSP INCHON  
KOREA TO 532ND ENGR AND BOAT REGT  
ON 21SEP50 FOR FURTHER EVACUATION TO  
SEA X THIS HQ HAS BEEN INFORMED BY  
CG 1ST PROVSCASCO THAT CPL JAMES  
HAS NOT BEEN ADMITTED AS A PATIENT TO  
ANY HOSP IN JAPAN X IT IS REQUESTED  
THAT THE RECORDS OF 532ND ENGR AND  
BOAT REG BE REVIEWED AND THE DATE  
AND PLACE OR SHIP TO WHICH JAMES WAS  
EVACUATED BE FURNISHED THIS HQ EARLIEST  
X PRESIDENTIAL INTEREST

This Headquarters does not hold  
the reply, if any, to the above dis-  
patch to the Tenth Corps. As later  
on there is no mention of it, it can  
be assumed that, if received, it was  
negative in nature. In order to let  
Mrs. James know we were still  
working on the case, and with a  
thousand to one chance she might  
have heard from him, we tele-  
graphed:

9 JANUARY 1950

MRS A A JAMES  
R R 1, BOX 1

OKLA

REGRET THIS HEADQUARTERS HAS BEEN  
UNABLE TO OBTAIN INFORMATION RE-  
GARDING THE WHEREABOUTS OF YOUR  
SON CORPORAL J J JAMES USMC. IN-  
VESTIGATION CONTINUES. IF YOU HAVE  
HEARD FROM HIM OR SHOULD HEAR FROM  
HIM PLEASE NOTIFY THIS OFFICE

Meanwhile this Headquarters  
checked the Machine Records In-  
stallation Cards on Corporal James.  
A new card turned up which indi-  
cated he had rejoined his outfit on  
24 November. Well, we thought,

(continued on page 61)



# "In keeping with the highest traditions of the United States Naval Service"

## Citations and Awards for Service in Korea.



### SILVER STAR MEDALS

... Gold Star in lieu of the Silver Star Medal ... is awarded to ...

#### TECHNICAL SERGEANT ERNEST L. DE FAZIO—The Silver Star Medal

"... volunteered as a member of a thirteen-man reconnaissance patrol ... swam the Han River ... discovered, and brought under intense small arms and mortar fire ... Patrol leader was wounded, Technical Sergeant De Fazio rallied the members of the patrol ... evacuated them to the river bank, and led them back across the Han River to safety. The information his patrol obtained and reported, prevented a probable ambush of the main landing force. ..."

#### CORPORAL JOSEPH E. McDERMOTT—The Silver Star Medal

"... serving as fire team leader of the point of a motorized patrol advancing in front of the 7th Marines ... suddenly found himself confronted with a concealed enemy T-34 tank ... climbed onto the tank and attempted to open the hatch cover. Being unable ... he knocked down the periscope down inside the tank leaving an opening through which another Marine dropped a hand grenade ... tank moved a few yards and stopped, Corporal McDermott again mounted the tank in an attempt to further disable it. By his courageous actions the tank was disabled to the extent that it could not bring down fire on the members of his patrol. ..."

"... in keeping with the highest traditions of the United States Naval Service."

**O**THER men of the Naval service who were awarded the Silver Star Medal "for conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity in action against the enemy ..." include:

Captain Charles D. Fredrick  
Captain Kenneth J. Houghton  
Captain Almond H. Sollom  
1st Lt. William J. Nietschmann  
2nd Lt. Lamar G. Crawford, Jr.  
2nd Lt. Donald W. Sharon

TSgt. Pasquale Paolino  
TSgt. Wayne D. Shaffer  
SSgt. Charles H. Larsen  
SSgt. Richard B. Twohey  
Cpl. Monte W. Kerr  
Cpl. Anthony Pitts

Pfc Milton W. Binder  
Pfc Trinidad M. Lopez  
Pfc Richard E. McDurmin  
Pvt. Robert McKinney

### ★ ★ ★ LEGION OF MERIT ★ ★ ★

"In the name of the President of the United States, the Commanding General, 1st Marine Division (Reinf.), FMF takes pleasure in awarding the Legion of Merit to ...

Colonel James H. Brower

Colonel Harvey S. Walseth

### ★ ★ ★ BRONZE STAR MEDAL ★ ★ ★

**B**RONZE Star Medal "... for heroic achievement in connection with operations against the enemy ..."

Lieutenant Colonel Robert W. Rickert  
(2nd Award)  
Major Reginald R. Myers, (2nd Award)  
Captain David W. Banks  
Captain John L. Tobin  
Captain Myron E. Wilcox, Jr.

1st Lt. Gerald P. Anderson  
1st Lt. Theodore T. Culpepper, Jr.  
1st Lt. James K. Dant  
1st Lt. Robert B. Ettenborough  
1st Lt. William F. Koehnlein  
1st Lt. James E. Machin

1st Lt. William A. McClelland  
1st Lt. Harold E. Savage  
1st Lt. William Swanson  
1st Lt. Wallace L. Williamson  
2nd Lt. Nickolas D. Arkadis  
2nd Lt. Phillip C. Brannon

2nd Lt. Bryan J. Cumming  
 2nd Lt. Lewis H. Devine  
 2nd Lt. Robert R. Dickey, III  
 2nd Lt. Edmund W. Hanlon  
 2nd Lt. Ronald A. Mason  
 2nd Lt. Willard S. Peterson  
 2nd Lt. John A. Reames  
 2nd Lt. Warren J. Skvaril  
 2nd Lt. Charles R. Stiles  
 2nd Lt. Kenneth K. Williams  
 CWO Donald E. Kent  
 MSgt. Thomas J. Gallagher  
 MSgt. William A. Grider  
 MSgt. Edward H. Krepps  
 MSgt. Cornelius Visser  
 MSgt. Thomas T. Wood  
 MSgt. Leonard R. Young  
 TSgt. Kenneth C. Boston  
 TSgt. Francis P. Cumiskey  
 TSgt. Alvin F. Maxwell  
 TSgt. Martin A. Miller  
 TSgt. Forrest E. Moser  
 TSgt. Leonard J. Potocki  
 TSgt. Roger J. White  
 SSgt. Donald D. Bright  
 SSgt. Bruce H. Corson  
 SSgt. Jack P. DeLoach, Jr.  
 SSgt. Robert J. Fisher, Jr.  
 SSgt. Charles D. Foster  
 SSgt. Joseph A. Jagiello  
 SSgt. Charles A. Kleszynak  
 SSgt. Floyd Leach  
 SSgt. Leonard Markowski  
 SSgt. Lawson A. Musick  
 SSgt. William E. Robinson  
 SSgt. John B. Waryha  
 Sgt. Michael L. Buask, Jr.  
 Sgt. Maurice L. Cassotta  
 Sgt. David L. Carter  
 Sgt. Charles E. Collins  
 Sgt. Felix Del Guidice  
 Sgt. Norman J. Demond  
 Sgt. Robert J. Dolby  
 (Gold Star in lieu of second award)

Sgt. Richard I. Duncan  
 Sgt. Frank E. Echols  
 Sgt. James T. Hancock  
 Sgt. Ralph E. Jackson  
 Sgt. Clyde W. Keel  
 Sgt. Albert W. Keller  
 Sgt. James Kenton  
 Sgt. Jack F. Kilger  
 Sgt. John N. Malnar  
 (Gold Star in lieu of second award)  
 Sgt. Vincent J. Marino  
 Sgt. Otto H. Maucker  
 Sgt. Kenneth W. May  
 Sgt. Raymond S. Morales  
 Sgt. Wendell H. Pigman  
 Sgt. James I. Poynter  
 Sgt. Pete F. Ramirez  
 Sgt. Joseph Rea  
 Sgt. Keith L. Sant  
 Sgt. Fred F. Skinner  
 Sgt. Max C. Smithson  
 Sgt. Malaia S'ua  
 Cpl. Lucian W. Anderson  
 Cpl. Homer W. Brantley  
 Cpl. William T. Buckley  
 Cpl. Francis B. Burns  
 Cpl. Phillip E. Butler  
 Cpl. James E. Byrne  
 Cpl. Richard D. Carroll  
 Cpl. Walter L. Carrow  
 Cpl. Donald R. Dempsey  
 Cpl. Paul S. Ebensteiner  
 Cpl. Jack D. Gaines  
 Cpl. Martin Garcia  
 Cpl. Norman L. Gibhardt  
 Cpl. Tommy M. Kinnamen  
 Cpl. Manfred L. Langley  
 Cpl. Alan E. Martin  
 Cpl. John D. Mixom  
 Cpl. James A. Morgan  
 Cpl. Charles V. Owens  
 Cpl. John P. Roach  
 Cpl. Charles P. Roche

Cpl. Roger W. Smarr  
 Cpl. Robert E. Thorsen  
 Cpl. Donald W. Willard  
 Cpl. James M. Zimmerle  
 Pfc Ralph T. Barton  
 Pfc Harold R. Bates  
 Pfc Wallace J. Brannon  
 Pfc Bobby C. Carr  
 Pfc Lewis C. Carrier  
 Pfc Joseph R. A. Chartrand  
 Pfc William R. Davis  
 Pfc Edgar J. Dawson  
 Pfc George J. Decker  
 Pfc Ross De Simone  
 Pfc Robert R. Eggleston  
 Pfc Lundy Fletcher  
 Pfc Herman Foley  
 Pfc Hector D. Garcia  
 Pfc Gaston J. Gillard, Jr.  
 Pfc Joe H. Hatchel  
 Pfc Nolan G. Henry  
 Pfc Robert N. Hortie  
 Pfc Harry C. Jones  
 Pfc Francis H. Killeen  
 Pfc Stanley G. Kohler  
 Pfc Richard J. Krause  
 Pfc Lewis L. McDonald  
 Pfc James R. Mills  
 Pfc Earl W. Mitchell  
 Pfc Anthony F. Morelli  
 Pfc Robert L. Morrow  
 Pfc William T. Olson  
 Pfc James E. Ray  
 Pfc August J. Shumaker  
 Pfc George E. Sims  
 Pfc Michael J. Smith  
 Pfc Sherman A. Somers  
 Pfc Melvin L. Thompson  
 Pfc Paul A. Varn  
 Pfc Halla D. White  
 Pfc Donald L. Wigley  
 Pfc Richard D. Wolfcale

# ★ ★ ★ AIR MEDAL ★ ★ ★

**A**IR Medal, Gold Star in lieu of... for meritorious acts while participating in aerial flights..."

1st Lt. Curtis D. Jernican (13th award)  
 Major Arthur R. Boag, (12th award)  
 Captain Lawrence R. Denham, (10th award)  
 Captain Floyd K. Fulton, Jr., (10th award)  
 2nd Lt. Edgar F. Gaudette, Jr., (9th award)  
 1st Lt. Donald H. Edwards, (8th award)  
 Major Elmer P. Thompson, (6th award)  
 Captain Richard W. Johnson, (6th award)  
 Captain Franklin N. Pippin, (6th award)  
 Major William D. Armstrong, (5th award)  
 Captain Irvin J. Barney, (5th award)  
 Captain Grover C. McClure, Jr.  
 (5th award)  
 1st Lt. Thomas R. Braun, (5th award)

1st Lt. Wendell M. Larson, (5th award)  
 1st Lt. Thomas E. Mulvihill, (5th award)  
 Captain Gordon W. Caldwell, (4th award)  
 Captain Charles W. Egan, (4th award)  
 Captain Roy J. Irwin, (4th award)  
 Captain Eddie C. Torbett, (4th award)  
 1st Lt. John D. Cotton, (4th award)  
 1st Lt. Lloyd J. Engelhardt, (4th award)  
 2nd Lt. Frank W. Daugherty, (4th award)  
 Major Vincent J. Gottschalk, (3rd award)  
 Captain Otis W. S. Corman, (3rd award)  
 Captain David G. Swinford, (3rd award)  
 1st Lt. James P. Mariades, (3rd award)  
 1st Lt. Eugene Millette, (3rd award)

1st Lt. Max Nebergall, (3rd award)  
 TSgt. Lloyd B. Britt, (3rd award)  
 TSgt. Robert A. Hill, (3rd award)  
 Sergeant James R. Welfare, (3rd award)  
 Brigadier General Edward A. Craig, (2nd award)  
 Major Michael F. Wojcik, (2nd award)  
 Captain Leon J. Bernal, Jr., (2nd award)  
 Captain George B. Farish, (2nd award)  
 Captain Robert E. McClean, (2nd award)  
 Captain Arthur E. Phillips, (2nd award)  
 1st Lt. John A. Buck, (2nd award)  
 1st Lt. Truman Clark, (2nd award)  
 1st Lt. Walter E. Sparling, (2nd award)

# ★ ★ ★ AIR MEDALS (first award) ★ ★ ★

Lieutenant Colonel Ellsworth G. Van Orman  
 Major Robert L. Cochran  
 Major Frank R. Stewart, Jr.

Captain James P. Bell  
 Captain Charles E. Boswell, Jr.  
 Captain Richard F. Dyer  
 Captain Kenneth G. Fiegenger

Captain Albert A. Grasselli  
 Captain Edward E. Hammerbeck  
 Captain Harding H. Holloway  
 Captain Russell G. Patterson, Jr.

### CITATIONS AND AWARDS (Cont.)

Captain James Payette  
Captain Vernon J. Peebles  
Captain Grady W. Ray  
Captain Martin J. Sexton  
Captain Jack H. Wilkinson  
1st Lt. Charles W. Abrahams  
1st Lt. Warren J. Beyes  
1st Lt. Joseph B. Dehaven

1st Lt. David P. Graf  
1st Lt. Kenneth G. Hadcock  
1st Lt. Neal E. Heffernam  
1st Lt. Paul D. King  
1st Lt. Gustave A. Limbach  
1st Lt. Herbert E. Mendenhall  
1st Lt. Richard R. Miller  
1st Lt. Roy E. Oliver  
1st Lt. Charles I. Rice, Jr.  
1st Lt. Robert H. Wilson

2nd Lt. Thomas D. Odenbaugh, Jr.  
2nd Lt. Dock H. Pegues  
MSgt. Donald A. Ives  
MSgt. Norman E. Payne, Jr.  
TSgt. John W. Hutton  
TSgt. Loras J. Keegan  
TSgt. Guss H. Pennell, Jr.  
TSgt. William W. Poore  
TSgt. Charley L. Radford

### ★ ★ ★ LETTERS OF COMMENDATION ★ ★ ★ (commendation Ribbon with Combat "V" authorized)

1st Lt. Edward E. Camporini  
1st Lt. Elmer J. Stone  
1st Lt. Robert D. Winn  
CWO Everett L. Tennyson  
WO Kenneth W. Mize  
MSgt. Paul H. Dodson  
MSgt. Marion H. Stocks  
TSgt. Lamar D. Dinkins  
TSgt. Robert R. Reaney  
SSgt. James F. Moore

SSgt. Dolphus C. Reeves  
SSgt. Calvin G. Tuck  
SSgt. Ernest J. Umbaugh  
Sgt. Billy F. Cox  
Sgt. Bernard J. Cunningham  
Sgt. Bruce E. Embrey  
Sgt. Robert B. Gault  
Cpl. Ralph J. Cornell, Jr.  
Cpl. Harold W. Hornett

Cpl. Bret F. Kelly  
Cpl. Ramiro Saucedo  
Cpl. Robert E. Torbitt  
Cpl. Ralph A. Wichmann  
Pfc George W. Bush  
Pfc Allan L. Elrod  
Pfc Julius C. Gevatosky  
Pfc James H. Sikes  
Pfc Kenneth R. Waddell

**L**ETTERS of Commendation awarded to the following members of the Marine Detachment aboard *USS Valley Forge*.

Cpl. Alvin J. Lewis  
Pfc William D. Bennett  
Pfc Charles K. De Kovic, Jr.  
Pfc Stanley L. Elbie  
Pfc Richard J. Hawley  
Pfc Glynn B. Heath

Pfc Charles R. Johnson  
Pfc Roger K. Johnson  
Pfc Raymond C. Matthias  
Pfc Warren L. Maynard  
Pfc Roger B. Moody  
Pfc Patrick J. O'Loughlen

Pfc Edward E. Sandelius  
Pfc Michael E. Schmidt  
Pfc Russell L. Smith  
Pfc Donald R. Waldemar  
Pfc Harold O. White

### SPECIAL LETTER OF COMMENDATION

**From:** Commanding General, 1st Marine Division (Reinf)

**To:** Commanding Officer, 41 Independent Commando, Royal Marines

**Subject:** Commendation

As Commanding General of the First Marine Division I desire to take this opportunity to acknowledge the high qualities of leadership, heroism, devotion to duty, and self-sacrifice displayed by officers and men of the 41 Independent Commando of the Royal Marines while serving with this division in North Korea.

I am familiar with the long and glorious history of the Royal Marines. This history records many outstanding feats of heroism, devotion to duty, and self-sacrifice by units and individuals alike. The performance of the 41 Commandos during their drive from Koto-ri to Hagaru-ri, during the defense of Hagaru-ri, and during the advance from Hagaru-ri to the south will, in the perspective of history, take equal rank with the past exploits of the Royal Marines.

I can give you no higher compliment than to state that your conduct and that of the officers and men under your command was worthy of the highest traditions of Marines.

Oliver P. Smith

END



# CASUALTIES

Marine Corps casualties, missing and dead, released by Marine Corps Headquarters from  
January 16, 1951 to February 18, 1951

## DEAD

### ARIZONA

DANIELS, Grady G., Pfc, Phoenix

### CALIFORNIA

BEAN, Jacke R., Pfc, Vallejo  
BOLICEK, James J., Corp., South Gate  
COCHRAN, John T., 1stLt., Bell  
FRIZZEL, Gerald K., Corp., Los Angeles  
HAWKINS, Carlis D., Corp., Menlo Park  
PETERSON, Larry L., Pfc, Downey  
(Died of Wounds)  
PETERSON, Robert W., Pvt., Los Gatos

### COLORADO

KIEFER, Yale S., Corp., Denver  
(Died of wounds)

### CONNECTICUT

HERLSTON, J. W., Pfc, Middleton

### DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

WARD, Alfred J., 1stLt., Washington

### ILLINOIS

JOHNSON, Eric Jr., Pfc, Chicago

### INDIANA

MOORE, Claude A. Jr., SSgt., Hammond

### IOWA

AGAN, Alfred H., Capt., Centerville

### LOUISIANA

FOUST, Frank A., Pfc, Monroe

### MARYLAND

THORN, Edward E., Pfc, Baltimore

### MICHIGAN

BRIGGS, Merton E., Pfc, Detroit  
PENDERGRAST, Glenn R., Pfc, Iuka

### MINNESOTA

COLIN, Raymond F., Pfc, Minneapolis  
(Died of wounds)  
DuQUENNE, Laverne, Sgt., Minneapolis

### MISSOURI

BECKER, Oliver G., Capt., Ferguson  
JONES, Robert L., Pfc, Lebanon  
THOMPSON, Jim H., Sgt., Nevada  
YELLEN, John P., Pfc, St. Louis

### MONTANA

SOLLARS, Joseph R., Sgt., Miles City

### NEBRASKA

SANDOVAL, Paul L., Pfc, Omaha

### NEW JERSEY

WISNESKI, Phillip F., Pfc, Bayonne

### NEW YORK

PARTLOW, Kenneth A., Sgt., Syracuse

## NORTH CAROLINA

TAYLOR, James F., Pfc, Jacksonville  
(Died of wounds)

## OHIO

CORCORAN, John J., Pfc, Parma  
HOUCK, Jack A., Corp., Cleveland  
PARKER, Harold L., Sgt., Barberton

## OKLAHOMA

BURKETT, William F., Pfc, Oklahoma  
City  
MENDENHALL, Jimmie L., Corp.,  
Claremore

## OREGON

NEWMAN, Ralph E. Jr., Pfc, Eugene

## PENNSYLVANIA

SABO, James Jr., Pfc, Johnstown  
(Died of wounds)  
WOODRING, Elmer J., Pfc, Altoona  
(Died of Wounds)

## SOUTH CAROLINA

GOUELOCK, Felix, 2dLt., Columbia  
(Died of Wounds)

## TENNESSEE

COLLINS, Edmond Jr., Pfc, Nashville  
REID, Alva L. Jr., Pfc, Nashville  
TROTTER, John E., Corp., Fountain City

## TEXAS

ALVARDO, Richard L., Pfc, San Antonio  
COBMAN, Conrad L., Pfc, Austin  
DANIELS, Grady G., Pfc, El Paso  
ELLIOT, "R" "J", Pfc, Plainview  
GREEN, James T., Pfc, Waco (Died of  
Wounds)  
HULSEY, Benjamin W., Corp., Norman-  
gee  
O'MARA, Arthur J., Sgt., Galveston  
POSEY, Jonathan R., Jr., Pfc, Dallas  
WING, Phillip R., Pfc, Beaumont

## UTAH

ERVIN, Burt, Pfc, Murray  
WAGNER, William E., Corp., Ogden

## VIRGINIA

BAKER, Boris, Corp., Portsmouth  
CLOE, Walter H. III, Pfc, Fredericksburg  
(Died of wounds)  
EARLES, James S., Pfc, Roanoke  
SENDER, Robert R., Pfc, London Bridge

## WASHINGTON

HARKINS, Floyd H., Pfc, Spanaway  
(Died of wounds)  
HOLLAHAN, Patrick W., Corp., Renton  
WILLIAMS, Robert A., Corp., Bremerton  
(Died of wounds)

## WEST VIRGINIA

KIMMINS, John D., SSgt., Elm Grove  
NAPIER, Golden, Pfc, Ferguson

## WISCONSIN

CHRISTOPHERSON, Donald G., Sgt.,  
Fond Du Lac  
DVORAK, Kenneth E., Pfc, Milwaukee  
JESKO, Raymond E., Pfc, Milwaukee  
KUROWSKI, Adrian, Sgt., Green Bay  
PAYTON, Bruce W., Pfc, Bristol  
SCHULTZ, Colin, Pfc, Hazelhurst

## MISSING IN ACTION

### CALIFORNIA

GRIFFITH, Donald M., Sgt., San Fran-  
cisco  
QUIRING, Charles E., Pfc, Inglewood  
TALLEY, Robert, Jr., Pfc, Hermosa Beach

### CONNECTICUT

BOLDUC, William F., Pfc, Manchester

### DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

JOHNSON, James E., Sgt., Washington

### FLORIDA

POWELL, Arthur W. Jr., Pfc, Miami

### GEORGIA

BAKER, Billy W., Corp., Carrollton  
HARRISON, Jimmie E., Pfc, Atlanta

### ILLINOIS

O'CONNER, Patrick F., Sgt., Chicago  
O'DAY, Walter G., Corp., River Forest  
PEARSON, William A., Corp., Evanston  
RENNER, Norman K., Pfc, Galena  
THINNES, Joel A., Pfc, Chicago

### INDIANA

BLASDEL, William S., Corp., Mitchell  
HENKENIUS, Leo J., Pfc, Fort Wayne  
RUSH, John E., Pfc, South Bend  
WILLIAMS, Grover L., Corp., Walkerton

### IOWA

FEANY, Victor E., Corp., Dakota City  
GARMAN, Donald E., Pfc, Burlington  
SCHAFER, Gaylord L., Corp., Des  
Moines  
WILKINS, Edward G. Jr., Pfc, Des  
Moines

### KANSAS

STAMPFEL, Albert W., Pfc, Kansas City

### KENTUCKY

FIELDS, Billy G., Corp., Loyall

### LOUISIANA

ALEXANDER, Colbert J., Corp., Baton  
Rouge  
TROSCLAIR, Lawrence J. Jr., Pfc,  
Marrero

### MAINE

LUCE, Earland L., Pvt., Washington  
VIOLETTE, Robert J., Corp., Bucksport

TURN PAGE

## CASUALTIES (Cont.)

### MARYLAND

DYE, Dailey F., Pfc, Cumberland  
MRYNCZA, Leo W., Pfc, Baltimore  
RANDALL, Charles H. Jr., Corp., Baltimore

### MASSACHUSETTS

DWYER, Leonard J., Corp., East Boston  
McINERNEY, James P., Corp., Holyoke

### MICHIGAN

BALOG, James L., Corp., Marbellus  
BOSHAW, Merlyn E., Pfc, Saginaw  
DREON, Albert S., Sgt., Clawson  
JOHNSON, Jack W., Corp., Dearborn  
LUCAS, Mike, Corp., Grand Rapids  
MALLET, Robert A., Pfc, Detroit  
McBRIAN, Charles Jr., Corp., Grand Rapids  
RUPP, Waldemar F., Corp., Detroit

### MINNESOTA

BRANDT, William E., Corp., St. Paul  
KAYLOR, Charles M., Pfc, Minneapolis  
PICKETT, Wayne A., Corp., Duluth  
SOLBERG, Raymond C., Pfc, Minneapolis  
TORGESON, James E., Corp., Minneapolis

### MISSISSIPPI

HARBIN, Joseph B., Corp., Grenada  
HEMPHILL, Daryl L. Jr., Pfc, Philadelphia

### MISSOURI

WILLIAMS, Donald C., Corp., Brumley

### NEBRASKA

SMITH, Myron J., Corp., Omaha

### NEW JERSEY

BURGER, Elmer V. Jr., Pfc, North Plainfield  
BUSH, Marshall L., Pfc, Dover  
MATUSOWSKI, Robert J., Pfc, Bayonne  
SCHNEIDER, Edward C., Pfc, Livingston  
STILLER, Daniel J., Pfc, Bayonne  
TUTTLE, Raymond J., Pfc, Hanover  
ULRICH, Kenneth W., Pfc, Nutley

### NEW YORK

BRINGES, Harry M., Corp., Middle Village  
FORGRAVE, Russell S. Jr., Pvt., New York  
MAXWELL, Joseph, Corp., New York

### NORTH CAROLINA

MURPHY, Joseph E., Pfc, Wilmington

### NORTH DAKOTA

BOULUD, Charles A., Pfc, Drayton

### OHIO

BATDORFF, Robert L., Pfc, Toledo  
COWAN, William N., Pfc, Cincinnati  
DISALVO, Domenico S., Pfc, Akron  
DOWLING, Donald F., Pfc, Cleveland Heights  
DOWLING, Paul E., Pfc, Cleveland Heights  
LAIVELING, John J. Jr., Pfc, Cincinnati  
LAMB, Raymond, TSgt., Dayton  
LEVINE, Louis H., Pfc, Cleveland  
PILOSI, Alphonse R., Pfc, Cleveland  
THEVENET, Delmar L., Pfc, Toledo

### OKLAHOMA

COWEN, George V., Pfc, Oklahoma City  
PLATO, Robert D., Corp., Oklahoma City  
YOUNG, Bobby E., Pfc, Cherokee

### OREGON

LLOYD, Alan L., 1stLt., Gresham

### PENNSYLVANIA

BORASKI, Antony S., Sgt., Scranton  
BOYER, Donald F., Corp., Emmaus  
CORSHARD, Robert L., Pfc, Williamsport  
GRIFFITH, Donald M., Sgt., Philadelphia  
KLINZING, Henry F., Pfc, Pittsburgh  
McKENNA, Robert J., Pfc, McKeesport  
SIKORA, Michael Jr., Sgt., Pittsburgh

### TENNESSEE

ENGSTROM, Ralph M., Corp., Sparta  
HARKNESS, Ervin E., Pfc, Covington  
WILLIAMS, Edward A., Pfc, Chattanooga

### TEXAS

ARIAS, Robert R., Corp., San Antonio  
AYALA, Bernardo R., Pfc, Corpus Christi  
BENZONI, Cesar L., Pfc, San Antonio  
CRAWFORD, Grady J., Pfc, Dallas  
ESTRESS, Morris L. Jr., Sgt., Amarillo  
HARGRAVES, Gene A., Pfc, San Angelo  
HESTER, James C., Pfc, Fort Worth  
JOHNSON, Billy E., Pfc, Longview  
KETTRICK, William C., Pfc, Corpus Christi  
KRUCIAK, Edwin J., Pfc, San Antonio  
MARBURGER, Charles E., Pfc, Yoakum  
McINTUSH, Kenneth, Pfc, Fort Worth  
MEDINA, Frank R., Corp., Galveston  
MONEY, Thurmon W., Pfc, Dallas  
POSEY, Jonathan R. Jr., Pfc, Dallas  
RAMIREZ, Vicente R. Jr., Pfc, San Antonio  
REID, Ernest R. Jr., 1stLt., Irving  
SCOTT, Mickey K., Pfc, Hamlin  
VEIT, Freddie J., Pfc, Corpus Christi  
WILSON, William D., Sgt., San Antonio

### VIRGINIA

COLLINS, Doyle, Pfc, Pennington Gap  
JONES, Eugene V., Pfc, Ettrick  
MANOR, Paul M., Sgt., Patrick Springs  
REASOR, Kyle, Pfc, Big Stone Gap  
SENER, Robert R., Pfc, London Bridge

### WASHINGTON

THOSATH, Robert L., Sgt., Spokane

### WEST VIRGINIA

CANTRELL, Paul E., Sgt., Charleston  
DUNKLE, Donald C., Pfc, Huntington  
HARRISON, Bernard B., Corp., Huntington  
HAWKINS, George E., Pfc, Charleston  
MILLER, Andrew L., Corp., East Beckley  
RAYNOR, Arthur H., Pfc, Huntington

### WISCONSIN

BOWER, Richard L., Pfc, Sheboygan  
WELDON, Elmer L., Pfc, Chetek  
YESKO, Daniel D., Pfc, Milwaukee

### WOUNDED

### ALABAMA

COSTNER, Rufus H., Pfc, Albertville  
YARBROUGH, Harry M. Jr., Corp., Birmingham

### ARKANSAS

EVANS, James E., Corp., Lonoke

### CALIFORNIA

ANDERSON, Aaron T., Pfc, Altadena  
BARNETT, Robert W., MSgt., Encinitas  
BLAKELY, Clifford C., Corp., Oakland  
BOSQUEZ, Marcus G., Pfc, Los Angeles  
BRADBURY, David M., Corp., Santa Cruz  
BREHMER, William J., Sgt., Shafter  
CAMPBELL, Donald H., 1stLt., Aptos  
COPPOCK, Dale X., MSgt., Oceanside  
DRADY, Alan V., Corp., San Francisco  
FISHER, Lawrence, Corp., National City  
GOTTA, Eugene A., Pfc, Los Angeles  
HERNANDEZ, Richard, Pfc, Fresno  
JONES, Thomas W., Sgt., San Francisco  
KELLEY, Edward G., Corp., Sacramento  
LECAIR, Edgar J., Pfc, Napa  
MACE, LeRoy E., Pfc, Ione  
ODIORNE, Kenneth A., Pvt., Vallejo  
RICCIARDI, Anthony J., SSgt., Long Beach  
SANDERS, Antonio D., Sgt., Norwalk  
SNEDDEN, Joseph D., Pfc, Alameda  
VAONA, Bruno J., Pfc, Reseda

### COLORADO

GUYMON, George D., Pfc, La Jara  
MILLER, Michael R., Pfc, Denver  
PATE, Hubert E. Jr., Pfc, Fleming

### CONNECTICUT

WHEELER, Earl P., Pfc, Meriden

### DELAWARE

WALKER, Theodore J., Pfc, Delmar

### FLORIDA

PERT, Chapman D. Jr., Pfc, West Palm Beach

### GEORGIA

AFFLECK, John H., 1stLt., Decatur

### ILLINOIS

CARLSTROM, Carl J., Pfc, Chicago  
EVANS, Carl A., Sgt., Carlinville  
HAMILTON, Charles E., Sgt., Chicago  
KATELHUT, Robert, Pfc, Oaklawn  
SANDERS, Billy G., Corp., Peoria

### INDIANA

COOK, James L. Jr., Pfc, Hammond  
CRAIL, Robert E., Corp., Indianapolis

### IOWA

HOFFMANN, John A., Corp., Dubuque  
JOHNS, Merle W., Sgt., Grundy Center

### KANSAS

HARTMAN, Roy L., Sgt., Junction City  
SMITH, Loren R., 1stLt., Hartford  
VAN HOOSER, Karl A., Corp., Kansas City

### KENTUCKY

MAIDEN, Charles A. Jr., Pfc, Frakes  
MCCOY, Charles C., Pfc, Belfry  
TAYLOR, James W., Pfc, Bowling Green

### LOUISIANA

GRAY, John W., Pfc, New Orleans  
GUTTIERREZ, Joseph J., Pvt., New Orleans  
HARVEY, Amon F., Pfc, Oil City

### MARYLAND

LANAM, William T., Pfc, Cumberland  
LONG, Robert C., Pfc, Indian Head

### MASSACHUSETTS

BORGES, George W., Pfc, South Somerset  
BRUNELLE, Joseph R., Corp., Holyoke

## CASE OF CORPORAL JAMES

[continued from page 55]

that solves the mystery. Cpl. James rejoined his outfit on 24 November and in the ensuing weeks of heavy going in North Korea, his presence had not been considered to be of any significance. Better tell those people about it. We did:

12 JANUARY 1950

FM COMDTMARCOR  
TO CG 1ST MARDIV  
INFO CG FMFPAC  
CO 1ST PROVSCASCO  
MY 292337Z DEC X MRI THIS HEAD-  
QUARTERS SHOWS JAMES J J CPL 12345  
JOINED "I" CO 3RD BN 1ST MARINES  
24 NOVEMBER 50 X RECORDS SHOW JAMES  
ATTACHED SAME UNIT PRIOR WOUNDING  
21 SEP 50 X ADVISE X FIRST INFO ADEE  
RECHECK STATUS CARDS AND ADVISE

Before we could get an answer on that, our hopes were crushed with the following information:

12 JANUARY 1950

FM CG 1ST MARDIV  
TO COMDTMARCOR  
INFO CG 1ST PROVSCASCO  
CG FMFPAC  
URMSG 292337Z DEC 50 X JAMES J J  
CPL 12345 ADMITTED DIV HOSP 22 SEP  
50 WITH DIAGNOSIS WOUND MISSILE  
CHEST AND EVAC TO BEACH WITH  
CONDITION FAIR AND CONSCIOUS FOR  
FURTHER EVAC TO SEA BY 532 ENGR BOAT  
AND SHORE REG US ARMY X TO DATE  
UNABLE ASCERTAIN FROM LATER  
ORGANIZATION THE SHIP TO WHICH JAMES  
WAS EVAC X WHEN REPORT REQUIRED BY  
ART C-9801 BUPERS MANUAL NOT  
RECEIVED OR JAMES BODY RETURNED FOR  
BURIAL IT WAS ASSUMED THAT JAMES  
WAS FURTHER EVAC TO JAPAN BY SHIP X  
SEARCH HAS BEEN CONDUCTED BY 1ST  
PROVSCASCO OF ALL HOSPITALS IN JAPAN  
WITH NEGATIVE RESULTS X USS  
CONSOLATION HAS NO RECORD OF  
ADMISSION OF JAMES X SEARCH OF ALL  
UNITS OF THIS COMD HAS BEEN  
CONDUCTED FOR ANYONE KNOWING OF  
HIS WHEREABOUTS WITH NEGATIVE  
RESULTS X HOWEVER USS CONSOLATION  
ON 22 SEP 50 ADMITTED A PATIENT WHO  
WAS LOGGED IN BY INTERROGATION AND  
BY A SET OF IDENTIFICATION TAGS  
AS HERRINGTON JAMES B PFC 1116471  
WHO SUBSEQUENTLY DIED THE FOLLOWING  
DAY AND WAS INTERRED 24 SEP 50 UN  
CEMETERY AT INCHON X HERRINGTON  
JAMES B PFC 1116471 ON 25 SEP 50 WAS  
FOUND TO BE ALIVE AND ON DUTY WITH  
FIRST MARINES BUT STATED HE HAD LOST  
A SET OF EXTRA IDENTIFICATION TAGS  
PLACE LOST UNKNOWN X BODY INTERRED  
AS HERRINGTON WAS EXHUMED AND  
REINTERRED AS UNKNOWN X IN VIEW OF  
CLOSE PROXIMITY OF DATES OF JAMES  
BEING EVAC AND THAT OF UNKNOWN  
BEING INTERRED AND THE COMPLETE

DISAPPEARANCE OF JAMES IN CHAIN OF  
EVAC THERE IS REASON TO BELIEVE THAT  
JAMES HAD IN HIS POSSESSION THE  
IDENTIFICATION TAGS OF HERRINGTON  
AND IS NOW INTERRED UN CEMETERY  
INCHON X IT IS REQUESTED THAT THE  
FINGERPRINTS OF JAMES AND THOSE OF  
THE UNKNOWN BE CHECKED WITH THE  
FBI FILES AND THIS COMD ADVISED BY  
DISPATCH

The card on the unknown in this instance had been received from the Division. It was forwarded to the Federal Bureau of Investigation for routine check. Although it had been in the hands of the FBI for some time, no positive determination had been made at the time of our receipt of the dispatch above. A phone call to the proper person in FBI Head-



"Hey, Mac—look!  
I'm a civilian again!"

quarters, linking the two sets of prints, soon resulted in confirmation of the fact that James and the unknown were, in fact, the same person.

We then sent a telegram to Mr. and Mrs. James.

12 JANUARY 1951

FM COMMANDANT OF THE MARINE CORPS  
TO MR AND MRS A A JAMES  
ROUTE 1 BOX 1

OKLA

DEEPLY REGRET TO INFORM YOU THAT  
YOUR SON CORPORAL J. J. JAMES USMC  
PREVIOUSLY REPORTED WOUNDED IN  
ACTION 21 SEPTEMBER 1950 HAS NOW  
BEEN DETERMINED TO HAVE DIED OF  
WOUNDS 22 SEP 1950\* ABOARD A  
NAVAL HOSPITAL VESSEL IN THE KOREAN  
AREA IN THE PERFORMANCE OF HIS DUTY  
AND SERVICE OF HIS COUNTRY. HIS  
IDENTITY BECAME OBSCURED WHEN  
IDENTIFICATION TAGS OF ANOTHER  
MARINE WERE FOUND ON HIS PERSON  
HOWEVER POSITIVE IDENTIFICATION HAS  
BEEN EFFECTED BY THE FEDERAL BUREAU

\* This is a different date than the one previously reported. It is, however, the correct one.

OF INVESTIGATION THROUGH FINGERPRINTS.  
HIS REMAINS WERE TEMPORARILY  
INTERRED IN A MILITARY CEMETERY IN  
KOREA WITH MILITARY HONORS AND  
APPROPRIATE RELIGIOUS SERVICES.  
ANY FURTHER INFORMATION RECEIVED  
WILL BE FURNISHED YOU PROMPTLY.  
PLEASE ACCEPT MY HEARTFELT  
SYMPATHY.

C B CATES  
GENERAL USMC  
COMMANDANT OF THE MARINE CORPS

A few loose ends remain to be tied down. The Commanding General, FMFPac, came in to explain the Machine Records card, with:

FM CG FMFPAC  
TO COMDTMARCOR  
INFO CG 1ST MARDIV  
YOUR 121907Z X THIRD BN FIRST MARINES  
REPORTING AT BN LEVEL PRIOR 23 NOV X  
THAT DATE DISBANDED AS REPORTING  
UNIT X 24 NOV REVERTED TO COMPANY  
LEVEL REPORTING X ALL PERSONNEL  
CARRIED AT BN LEVEL DROPPED ON 23 NOV  
AND JOINED AT COMPANY LEVEL 24 NOV X  
UNIT DIARY 43-50 THIRD BN FIRST MAR  
UNIT DIARY 1-50 ITEM CO THIRD BN FIRST  
MAR REFER X STATUS CARD CPL J J JAMES  
THIS MRI IDENTICAL WITH MARCOR MRI.

And we answered the long dispatch from the First Marine Division:

13 JANUARY 1951

COMDTMARCOR  
CG 1ST MAR DIV  
CG FMFPAC  
CO 1ST PROV CAS CO  
USMSG 120819Z X FBI IDENTIFIED  
FINGERPRINT OF UNKNOWN SAME AS:  
JAMES J J CPL 12345 X TO ERASE ALL  
DOUBTS IN MOTHERS MIND ADVISE IF  
IDENTIFICATION BRACELET AND RING  
WERE ON BODY X DIRECT HERRINGTON  
JAMES B PFC 1116471 WRITE JAMES  
PARENTS MR AND MRS A A JAMES ROUTE  
#1 BOX 1 OKLAHOMA  
EXPLAINING LOSS OF IDENTIFICATION  
TAGS.

The worry and anxiety caused to Mr. and Mrs. James by the use of Herrington's identification tags did not stop there. On 23 October 1950 we sent the following telegram:

MR. & MRS. BERTON HERRINGTON  
2050 HOWARD AVENUE  
FLINT, MICHIGAN  
DEEPLY REGRET TO INFORM YOU THAT  
YOUR SON PRIVATE FIRST CLASS JAMES  
BENJAMIN HERRINGTON USMC DIED 22  
SEPTEMBER 1950 IN THE KOREAN AREA OF  
WOUNDS RECEIVED IN ACTION IN THE  
PERFORMANCE OF HIS DUTY AND SERVICE  
OF HIS COUNTRY. WHEN INFORMATION IS  
RECEIVED REGARDING BURIAL YOU WILL BE  
NOTIFIED. PLEASE ACCEPT MY HEARTFELT  
SYMPATHY.

C B CATES  
GENERAL USMC  
COMMANDANT OF THE MARINE CORPS  
TURN PAGE

# CASE OF CORPORAL JAMES (cont.)

We received the following:

FLINT MICH 23

C B CATES, GENERAL OF THE US MARINE CORPS  
COMMANDANT OF THE MARINE CORPS  
WASHDC  
DEAR SIR HAVE RECEIVED A TELEGRAM STATING THE DEATH OF JAMES BENJAMIN HERRINGTON, MY SON. TELEGRAM STATES HE DIED 22ND SEPT 1950 OF WOUNDS IN THE KOREAN AREA WE RECEIVED A LETTER FROM JAMES FROM KOREA STATING TO DISREGARD ANY DEATH NOTICE BECAUSE OF SOME MIXUP IN THE RECORDS THAT HE HAD BEEN KILLED I RECEIVED A LATER LETTER THAT JAMES WROTE SEPT 27TH 1950 FROM SEOUL KOREA SAYING EVERYTHING WAS WELL WITH HIM AM VERY ANXIOUS TO HAVE YOUR TELEGRAM OF TODAY CONFIRMED. JAMES LAST KNOWN ADDRESS IS PFC JAMES BENJAMIN HERRINGTON 1116471 1ST CO 3RD BN 1ST MARINES 1ST MARINE DIVISION FMF CARE FPO SAN FRANCISCO CALIF PLEASE REPLY BY WIRE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE

MRS. BERTON HERRINGTON

This called for two messages on the 24th:

MRS BERTON HERRINGTON  
2050 HOWARD AVE  
FLINT, MICH.

HAVE WIRED THE FIELD FOR CONFIRMATION OF REPORTED DEATH OF YOUR SON  
PRIVATE FIRST CLASS JAMES BENJAMIN HERRINGTON USMC AS SOON AS INFORMATION IS RECEIVED YOU WILL BE NOTIFIED  
COMMANDANT OF THE MARINE CORPS

FM COMDTMARCO  
TO CG 1ST MARDIV  
USS CONSOLATION  
CERTIFICATE OF DEATH FROM USS  
CONSOLATION SHOWS HERRINGTON

JAMES BENJAMIN PFC 1116471 DIED OF WOUNDS 22 SEPTEMBER X PARENTS RECEIVED LTR FROM HERRINGTON DATED 27 SEPTEMBER STATING TO DISREGARD NOTICE OF DEATH X ADVISE

On the 25th the Division replied:

URMSG 241912 Z X MY 101125 I TO USS CONSOLATION QUOTE X REFER NAVMED FORM IN CASE OF HERRINGTON JAMES BENJAMIN 1116471 PFC USMC X HERRINGTON IN DUTY STATUS THIS COMD X NEVER WOUNDED X WHEN INTERVIEWED STATED HAD TWO SETS ID TAGS LOST ONE TAG PLACE UNKNOWN X BODY HAS BEEN EXHUMED AND REINTERRED AS UNKNOWN X UNQUOTE

On the strength of this we were able to send Mr. and Mrs. Herrington the following telegram:

GLAD TO INFORM YOU THAT YOUR SON PRIVATE FIRST CLASS JAMES BENJAMIN HERRINGTON USMC PREVIOUSLY REPORTED TO HAVE DIED 22 SEPTEMBER 1950 OF WOUNDS RECEIVED IN ACTION IN THE KOREAN AREA IS NOW REPORTED A SURVIVOR. HE IS IN GOOD HEALTH AND ON DUTY WITH HIS ORGANIZATION. THE ANXIETY CAUSED BY THE PREVIOUS MESSAGE IS SINCERELY REGRETTED.

Corporal James was a ogod Marine, even as you and I. Probably he had never read Paragraph 13152.4, Marine Corps Manual, which says:

"Identification tags issued to personnel are of value only when worn by the persons to whom issued. All personnel are required to wear their own identification tags at all times while in the theater of war and must be indoctrinated in the serious consequences that will result from failure to do so."

END

# BACK BREAKERS

[continued from page 36]

minutes to make the catch. But somehow it takes us a hour and a half to run through the show, not counting curtain calls. Then more people walk in. Naturally, they've got to see the performance. That's the way you'd want it, isn't it? So we repeat once, maybe twice. Of course, you don't know this is going on, because you're home in bed, recuperating. But tomorrow, when you've rested and reported back for work, you'll be the most famous guy on the Island. You caught a cobia!

You won't get much work done at the office. How can you? You've got to make sure that everyone who heard the story last night got the straight dope. And besides, there's a few details you'd like to add—just to make the story complete.

Before your day is through, someone is bound to ask if you could do it again. And what is your answer going to be, friend? Don't bother, we know.

Quote—"I can land any blankety-blanked cobia that comes within a mile of me, any time, any where,"—unquote.

Well, at least you'll try!

# AND...

SINCE Marine husbands at Par- ris Island insist upon bringing 40- and 50-pound cobias home to their wives, someone had to think up a means of disposal. Here's the way one wife does it:

Make a simple milk and flour batter. Add two eggs and baking powder; beat to a consistency similar to that of pancake or waffle batter. Dry your cobia steaks between towels in order to make the batter adhere to the steak. Dip the steak in the batter, allowing the excess to drip off. Fry in lightly greased skillet until batter turns a golden brown. Then cover the bottom of a shallow baking pan with a previously prepared sauce. Lay a single layer of steaks in the sauce, and bake for approximately one hour in an oven with temperatures ranging between 300 and 350 degrees. (A recommended sauce is either commercially prepared spaghetti sauce, thinned slightly, or barbecue sauce spiced to taste.)

When steaks are done, invite 50 neighbors in for chow. You'll have enough for everybody.

END





## SOUND OFF

[continued from page 13]

### OFFICER CANDIDATE PROGRAM

Gentlemen:

While reading the January issue of *Leatherneck* I noticed an article regarding officer training programs. Reference was made to a program conducted at Quantico which is open to Marine enlisted personnel. Several of the men in this squadron, including myself, are very desirous of procuring further information.

We have checked with our squadron office and they have no information regarding such a program. Upon calling their attention to the article in *Leatherneck* we were told that since no reference had been made in this article it would be impossible to check on it.

If any reference or further information is available we would very much appreciate hearing of it.

Gratefully yours,  
Corp. James M. Costello,  
VMF 235 MAG 15, MCAS  
El Toro, Calif.

● When the article was written a program had not been instigated by the CMC, although eligibility is always open. However, at this writing Marine Corps Memorandum 5-51 has been promulgated and should be in the possession of your squadron office. A new program has been requested by the Commandant.—Ed.

### SOME QUESTIONS

Dear Editor:

We have a great argument here in the field. Could you please give me this information about the Corps.

1. Where is the original home of the First Marine Division? Camp Pendleton or Camp Lejeune?
2. Before the Korean War started, was the First Marine Division up to its total strength in men, and was the Second Marine Division up to strength?
3. At the present time what five states have the highest number of Marines in the Corps? That is, on active duty?
4. When the 1st Marine Division left for the Canal in World War II what state or island did they leave from? Some think it was Greenland.

Sincerely yours,  
Sgt. James H. Trexler,  
SupCo., 1stSerBn, 1stMarDiv,  
FPO, San Francisco, Calif.



"I'm not worth a damn in the morning without a good, strong cuppa coffee!"

● The original home of the First Marine Division is Camp Lejeune. Before the Korean War the First Division had one RCT, the Fifth Marine Regiment plus Division troops or about one-third strength. The Second Division was about one-half strength. As of June 30, 1950, the following states were leading in the number of men: New York; California; Pennsylvania; Texas; Ohio. Illinois and Massachusetts are 6th and 7th. When the First Marine Division left for Guadalcanal it departed from Camp Lejeune. The Division (less the 7th RCT and plus the 2d RCT of the Second Marine Division) then assembled in the Southwest Pacific. Landing forces loaded and embarked for the Guadalcanal operation from New Zealand, New Caledonia and Samoa.—Ed.

### WHO WAS FIRST

Dear Sir:

I was reading last month's *Leatherneck* about "Hell Run Over Korea" where the Marine pilots had claimed to be the first in action. Well, I think they are mistaken, because eight Marines, one Navy officer and four Sailors off the USS Juneau (CL-119), made two recon's on June 27, 1950,

which the ship's log will prove.

Yours truly,  
Pfc Bob Hamilton  
Co "G," 3dBn, 5th Marines,  
1st Marine Div.,  
FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

● The Marines of the Marine Air Group made the claim as you stated in your letter. However, this is a time-honored argument. Who was first where? It's a title the Marines always covet, even among themselves.—Ed.

### POEM BOOK

Gentlemen:

I remember reading something about a book of Marine Corps poems that was being compiled from poems that appeared in *Leatherneck* magazine. Do you make the booklet? What does it cost?

If you have any information concerning this could you please let me know.—Or does Mr. Rentfrow have the booklet?

Very truly yours,  
MSgt. J. L. Fredericks, USMC.  
Parris Island, S. C.

● This book is being compiled by *Leatherneck* at the present time. The cost will be nominal. A publication announcement can be found on page 7.—Ed.

END

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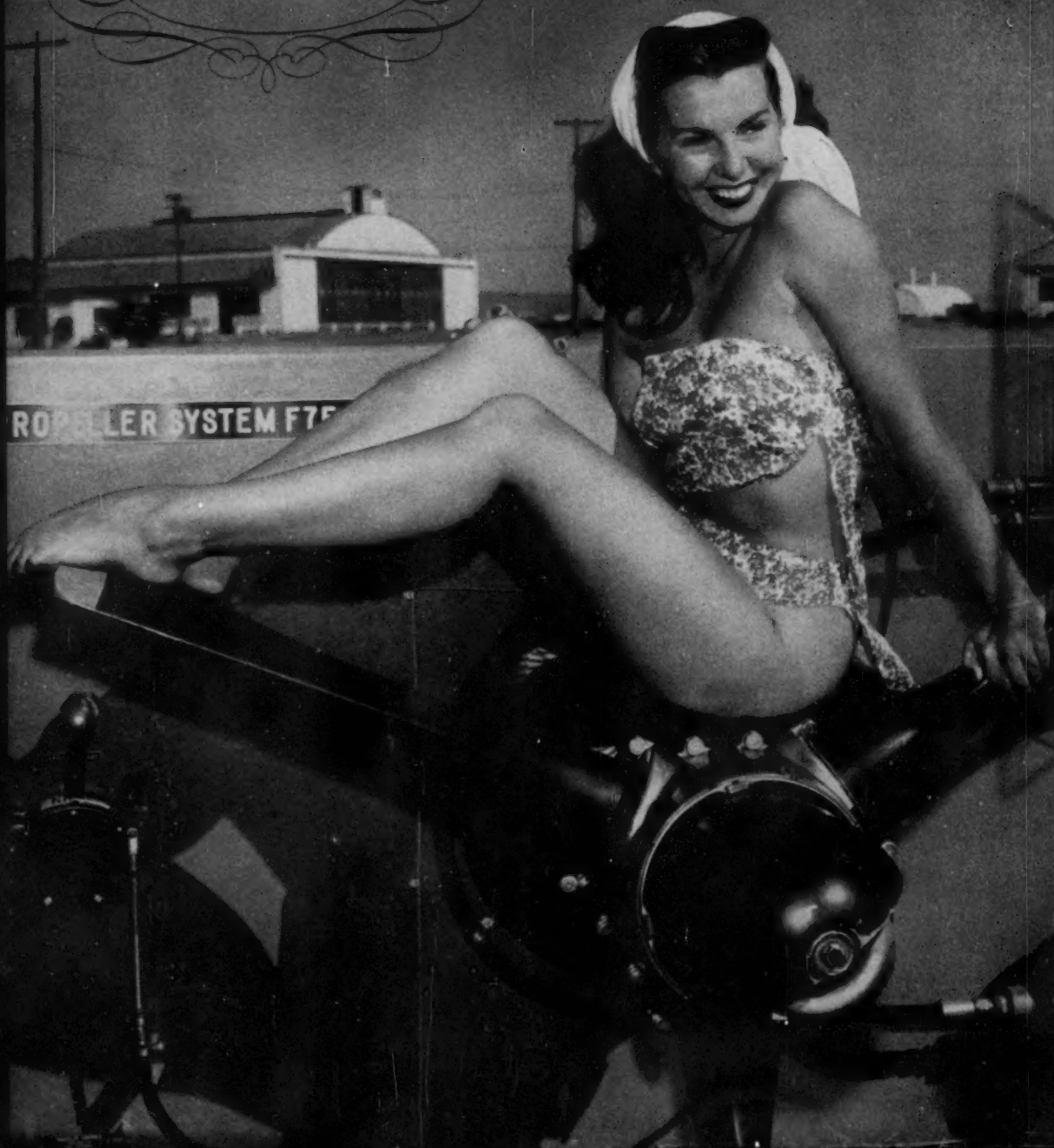
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